RANK AND FASHION,

&c. &c.

VOL. III

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RANK AND FASHION!

OR THE

MAZES OF LIFE;

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"SATIRE—NOT MALEVOLENCE."

BY MR. FRERE.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. III.

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THE



MAZES OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

LA DILIGENCE.

AS Mr. Domville's affairs required a speedy arrival in London, a coach was certainly the more expeditious mode of travelling; else, for the speedier removal of his spleen, we would have recommended.a a brisk walk at the rate of about thirty miles a day. Aware that precepts are

best enforced by example, the Author of these pages, begs to state a short anecdote of which *he* is the Hero.

Called up to town in hopes of bettering his circumstances, after a residence of three months, deceived in his expectations, baffled in other pursuits and, with the pressure of half a century over his head, he again took to his staff: and in the summer of the present year (1820) began a journey of 136 miles back to his native shire, on foot. The depression created by a review of his situation, was gradually subsiding; exhilerated by exercise in the open air, he felt equanimity and then cheerfulness returning and, near the conclusion of his first day's march, on gaining the altitude that commands a view of Henly on Thames, where he intended to enjoy his well earned evening meal and to take up

his night's lodging, proud of his pedestrian feat, recollecting that, five and twenty years ago, he went over the same ground in no better style, feeling fully able to match it on the succeeding days, he exclaimed sufficiently aloud to startle any peaceful traveller.

Days of my youth! do I behold ye again!

With a flow of spirits unabated, he completed his journey, and a more pleasant one he does not remember ever having enjoyed.—So true it is that, in the absence of moral turpitude and of bodily pain, let the prospect be ever so overcast, by retiring within, one can conjure up brighter scenes and create a serener sky.

Return we to our well-enclosed sedentary Traveller, whom in the last chapter of the last volume we had consigned into

that cumbersome, pondrous, yet not uncomfortable machine, called a *Diligence,* whose very aspect belies its appellation ; yet who, like the unwieldy Elephant, contrives to move steadily on at a quicker rate, than what could be inferred, from the clumsy bulk of its configuration.

The sun began to rise ; he might still have beheld and enjoyed the sublime and soul-swelling spectacle ; but was not then *in a humor* for such contemplations. Wrapt up in his roquelaure, *enfoncé* in an angle of one of the back seats, his hat slouched over his eyes, and his arms folded, he brooded over his calamitous plight, in full expectation, however, of being allowed that unenviable enjoyment undisturbed. Unfortunately, a dicussion on the subject of French music arose between two out of the four companions of his journey.

An English Cockney, without any knowledge of the science, contended that it was every way inferior to the Italian, German, and to that of his own Country: the other, *un Badeau de Paris*, equally scientific, as strenuously undertook the defence of *L'Academie de Musique*,* an establishment in which he considered the credit of his nation involved. The ratiocinative deductions of this Advocate not being deemed conclusive, he proceeded to proofs in the shape of specimen; and, without the gift of any vocal requisite, except a liberal allowance of the national confidence, he began pouring upon the ears of his auditors, in a manner so affected, graced with suitable theatrical grimace and action, such unmelodious strains, so piercing or so drawling, delivered all in

* The pompous appellation given by the French to their Opera House.

the *falsetto* style that three out of the four were highly diverted at his performance, though further off conviction than ever. But our susceptible Hero, probably a better musician, *Nota bene,* he could play on the fiddle, thus unseasonably disturbed, growled out his discontent and, turning himself on the other side, endeavoured to re-unite the train of his disconsolating cogitations. The exhausted contenders having at length made a cessation of the debate, Domville trusted that the remainder of the journey would proceed with less disturbance.

Illusive expectation! the very reverse happened!

The remaining two (also a Badeau and a Cockney) conceiving it incumbent on them to pay in their own coin for their share of the entertainment, started a subject to be debated upon, of no less magnitude than

that of establishing in priority of rank the poetical beauties of Shakespear and of Voltaire. The one with a slender knowledge of French, the other equally deficient in English.

Now began the war of words, first *piano*, then *moderato*, then *forte*, then *fortissimo*, then *con furia*. The profound contempt each had for the literary taste of the other, produced a louder delivery, in order to give greater force to the argument; as we bawl in the ear of those whom we consider deaf.

Then they proceeded to proofs:—*tirade* was adduced against *tirade*, more and more astoundedly delivered, with action and emphasis analogous; when the Voltarian, in the true style of gallic declamation, throwing out the left arm, in order to bring it back with greater effect to his bosom, struck the slouched beaver of our surly co-

gitator with such force that it described, his head the pivot, several sections of a circle. The ready apology of-*pardon Monsieur, je vous fais mille excuses,* could not mollify the displeasure of its owner. In the stern language of resentment he bade them desist, or at least, if they chose to debate, it must be done without annoyance to their more peaceful companions. The manner and tone in which this remonstrance was delivered, backed as they were, by a personal appearance calculated to enforce compliance, had the intended effect.

Soon after, the coach stopping, the four passengers left the vehicle: these were replaced by only two fresh travellers, both natives of France. Again the machine was set in motion, again our Hero was courting a communion with his own thoughts; and again the contrary political bias of the

two Frenchmen, precluded any chance of much intercourse. They soon found each other out.

The one displayed an enormous triumphant *white* cockade, *arboré sur son chapeau*, which cockade, for a long time, had been locked up in his chest. The other now kept his *tri-color* one, of equal magnitude at least, which for years had reigned Lord of the ascendant, concealed in his pocket. The Bourbonist of course became the assailant; and displayed considerable skill in order to provoke a discussion. But the other, for reasons, was then rather shy, and for a time gave no other intimation of a sense of hearing, than what could be gathered from now and then shifting his position and twisting the muscles of his face, as though he had the gripes.

Reader! hast thou ever witnessed a poultry-stealing Rascal, with back bare and

arms fastened to the whipping post, awaiting the Beadle's lash?—On the few first applications, he keeps his breath in and his tortured feelings under, intent upon balking the spectators in what additional sport they would have derived from the vocal intonation of his distress.—But again the lash cuts in a tenderer place or in one already sore.—He grins, he twists one shoulder, then the other,—then each foot is alternately lifted up,—then he jerks out a sudden—Oh! as if a bucket of cold water had been, at one turn, poured upon his head. Still the merciless Executioner proceeds in his castigation with smarter effect, determined to make the culprit acknowledge the vigour of his arm. At length the caitiff's stubbornness is overcome by the acuteness of the pain.—He sets up a note so dismal, so dolorous, holding it out to

the full length of a *Breve, adagio-time !*— Then boys to shout, men to laugh and clap and dogs to bark, and yell, and howl in unison.

Mental pains nearly as acute felt the partizan of Buonaparte under the taunts of his political opponent, inwardly cursing his tormentor, forgetting that when he held the whip it was as unmercifully applied. Yet silently he bore all, till he could bear no longer; when, growing desperate, he stood his ground and faced his foe.

Then was the debate most unsparingly carried on with all the national vehemence ahd peculiarities of disputation. Both, as usual, unwilling to hear and eager to be heard, intent on convincing and determined on not being convinced; yet each incessantly qualifying the rudeness of interruption

with the polite formula of—*permettez, Monsieur.—Mais permettez donc.*

Our countryman stared at them in anger; but recovering himself, a lucid thought darted into his dark mind, like a spark lighting upon tinder. It may be traced as the earliest peep of the dawn that was to usher in a brighter day.

"What an idiot am I, to let my temper be ruffled by these two besotted fools!—Were it not better to derive some amusement from their extravagance?"

He tried and partly succeeded; but soon had some other work on his hands. The altercation now became so warm, that even the semblance of politeness was discarded, and when they had exasperated each other with the application of the most abusive epithets their language could supply; a challenge to fight, *á toute outrance*, was

given and accepted, to take place on the first stoppage of the Diligence.

Our Hero thought it now high time to interfere; his foreign appearance and the silence he had maintained led the two champions to believe, that his ignorance of French precluded him from understanding the import of their sanguinary intent. He now undeceived them, and endeavoured also to undeceive them as to the necessity of a recurrence to any such deadly ultimatum. Along with the reasoning that convinced them, at least, of the humane motive for his interference, he mingled, with an effect equally beneficial, some good-natured pleasantry.

"Besides, Gentlemen, although neither of you can be a gainer by the death of the other, one, if not both, runs great risk of being a considerable loser.—You, Sir, may

be disabled to enjoy any more in this world the restoration of the monarchy ; and you, Sir, may lose the chance of beholding again the triumphant re-appearance of the Emperor.—Surely no one in his senses would stake a number of *rouleaux*, whether they consist of *Louis* or of *Napoleons*, on the cast of a dye without a prospect of gain ! It were downright folly.—Come, Gentlemen, your courage, I believe, no one doubts : let your wisdom be unquestionable also !"

He at last succeeded in making them, if not well wishers, at least peaceable towards each other for the time being; and when they left the vehicle he felt some sorrow in parting from them. They had been faithful adherents to the cause each had adopted, and had more than once bled in its defence.

The next passengers were a couple of Englishmen : downright John Bulls,

thorough bred quite; though of different breeds, both warmly clad in substantial, plain clothes of unfashionable make, with bob wigs, low crowned, broad brimmed beavers; and with a bustleness and sturdiness of manner, indicative of well stored purses; indeed the round jolly faces and well fed cheeks of each corroborated that favorable indication. They had been taking a trip to France, because—others did so. Their political tenets were decidedly opposite; but they contracted much of the wide range, confining their strictures on men and measures at *home*. Seldom on the defensive, but almost ever assailants, they evinced the utmost incredulity in each other's belief, and claimed an implicit reliance on every assertion of their own; appealing besides in corroboration of their statements to those party newspapers that

advocated their own political tenets, each assertion, however destitute of proof, they recommended to adoption by such expressions as these:—

"Every body believes it.—There is not the least shadow of a doubt.—Sir, I know it as a fact.—I have been credibly informed by a person high in the confidence of the parties. It is as notorious as the sun at noon day. And so forth."

The altercation was the more amusing to our, now better disposed, listener, as his acquaintance with the principals enabled him to ascertain the falsehood of almost every charge, delivered in so positive a manner, and derived, as it was contended, from *undoubted* authority. Yet he forbore interposing and suffered them to carry on the debate in their own way. His persevering in the strict line of neutrality often

obtained for him the honor of beholding the fiery,flushed,faces of the two disputants, turning from each other to his own: he being now applied to, as Arbiter in every contradictory statement.

When weariness compelled them to desist, Domville endeavoured to mitigate the political animosity of each, by disclosing all the good he knew of the Statesmen on either side, whether on the score of principle or of talent: but the partiality and dislike of his hearers were too inveterate for any abatement. Yet, the Moderator was far from losing *all* his pains; he reaped the benefit of his endeavours, to do the absent justice, by becoming more satisfied with himself.

CHAPTER II.

A YOUNG WOMAN AND AN OLD WOMAN.

IT so happened that, on the last day of his journey, his patience had further scope for exercise, and that on fresh ground. He witnessed the admission of a Lady, yet short of thirty, of a sour and unmarried aspect. She and her *retinue* occupied one half of the vehicle, the two last noted politicians now siding with our hero. This

retinue consisted, first of her maid, but she certainly *last* in her lady's estimation, and secondly, of half a dozen diminitive, French *pugs*, long haired or curly, of various dimensions, from the size of a rabbit to that of a full grown hare. These, the only acquirements she had gained from her tour, had been purchased for a sum that would have well supported a family *of her own species*, during a twelve month and more.

This Lady affected to be very nice, and showed upon sundry occasions much squeamishness; yet the odour emitted from the over-fed, blear-eyed, creatures did by no means discompose her olfactory nerves, and her auricular organ was equally proof against their barking and growls, their snaps and snarls. Her maid's chief employment consisted in washing, combing, smoothing and regulating the fur of these

animals, feeding them when well and nursing them when sick. Sometimes the mistress in a fit of tenderness, taking up one of her favorites, and calling it her sweet pretty creature, her dear little pet, would kiss it, hug it to her bosom, and placing it in her lap, stroke it with gentle hand, and suffered it to lye and sleep, and snore on that soft couch, and highly displeased did she appear, when its slumbers were broken by any accidental disturbance.

The number of these dogs and the sundry *indecent* acts repletion and confinement compelled them to commit, were too annoying to be borne. Remonstrances, however, mildly delivered, were received by the fair one with offended pride: they obtained no other answer than what could be gathered from a certain cast of the eye, and a contemptuous motion of the lips, giving

utterance to a very faint sound, as if she had mentally exclaimed, forgetting of what *species* in the creation her favorites were.—OH THE BRUTES!

This reply was, however, little satisfactory to one of our John Bulls: he swore that, on the first next offense, he would seize *them* curs every one by the neck, and fling them one after the other out of the window into the ditch. Which threat had such an effect on the Lady, that recourse was had to her salts for the recovery of her nerves.

In this woman's unnatural fondness could be traced the bias of nature, perverted. The birth of one *child* would send every one of her present favourites to the salesman or to the dog-kennel.

Here Domville, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by the coach having

a long, steep, hill to ascend, got out of the range of the effluvia diffused over its interior, and in a brisk pace soon reached the summit. He looked about him with the intent of enjoying an extensive view, when spying a short way down, a very low roofed cottage or hut, tufted over with trees, situate in a little glen, it induced him to a closer examination, expecting no less than to behold standing under the porch, as its occupier, some long beared Anchoret of former days

Close to the threshold, a poor woman was spinning. She was obviously very old and infirm, yet so much cheerful resignation dwelt on her countenance, that it excited his surprise, As contented persons are generally of a communicative disposition, chiefly in humble stations, he met with

ready answers to those questions curiosity prompted him to put.

"Good day to you, good Woman."

"Thank you, Sir, I return it to you kindly."

"You are hard at work, I perceive. Yet it is high time for you to leave work to younger hands."

"Oh, Sir, I am always pleasantly engaged when at work. I have been brought up to it from childhood."

"Were you ever married?"

"Yes, sure, Sir,—It is about sixty-five years since."

"Is your husband still alive?"

"He died many years ago. A loaded waggon went over his body and crushed him to death."

"So cruel an accident you must have felt as a heavy calamity."

"I thought so then, but, as God is all goodness, I have since learnt to know that what happens to us in this world is all for the best."

"Have you any children?"

"We had five. One died in the cradle, two of my sons were killed in the wars; my only daughter died three years after marriage, and my remaining boy is a cripple, quite helpless, and without his wits."

"But, surely, your age requires better accommodation than this cot can afford."

"Oh, Sir, I had a much better one, quite a snug dwelling, I assure you: but one night, this spring, it was burned to the ground."

"And who set up this for you?"

"My neighbours."

"And who attends you and digs this little garden for you?"

"My neighbours also. I did not forget them; they now remember me."

Sure, thought the Inquirer, so much cheerfulness near one's end is unnatural: yet the good aged creature is quite sensible. He ventured on a more trying question."

"You that are so very old, have you no thoughts of death?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, very often, God be praised."

"Don't they at times make you low spirited?"

"Quite the contrary; they are the most cheerful of any. I am very thankful when they come upon me."

"For what reason?"

"They satisfy me that I shall soon be with God."

Here a pretty little *paysanne,* who must

have been her great grand daughter, came up.

" Grand Mamma, it is getting cold and it is going to rain; let me put by your spinning wheel, and lead you into the cottage."

" Do so, child."

She with difficulty arose, courtesied to the strange. and, supported by her attendant and leaning on her staff, contrived to hobble in.—Then, for the first time, Domville discovered that she was *blind*!

This lesson was not lost on him: he was fully repaid for his trouble in learning it.

At length the long and loud smacking of the Postillion's whip proclaimed the arrival of the Diligence into the ancient and far famed town of Calais. Right glad were the passengers to be released from

their limb-cramping positions, and to be ushered into an apartment, where they beheld the cloth laid and the promise of an abundant repast held out to them; which however, they no sooner sat down to, than they were baulked in the indulgence of their appetite in a manner, quite the reverse of the mode adopted by the doctor Pedro Positive, for the annoyance of his Excellency, the Govenor of the Island of Barataria.—Instead of the dishes being removed from them, they were removed from the dishes, and hurried on board the packet boat, under the alleged plea that, as the wind was *now* favorable, not a moment should be lost, the ship being already under sail. It so happened, however, that as soon as they were secured on board, the wind suddenly *chopped about*, and they remained ruefully standing upon deck, their eyes

turned towards that place of alimentary entertainment, with as much longing as feels any devout Muselman, when he beholds from afar the glittering turrets of Mecca the holy. For their further comfort, they still could spy, ascending out of the lofty chimney, the curling *smoke*, emitted from the very fire, which had prepared that repast their sight alone had been allowed to feast on.

It would have been well if this had proved the only grievous accident: but, alas! in the hurry of removal, one of the pugs was left behind; only three had been replaced in the travelling box, Mistress and maid each carrying one. No sooner were these on board than the Lady became clamourous for the hoisting up of the remaining invaluable treasure, which a sailor undertook to do, when, in the hurry of obe-

dience, he slipped backwards, and his charge fell from his hold plump into the Sea. For increase of misfortune, the lid, not being properly secured, flew open, and the quadrupedaneous, diminitive, tenants were descried—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto,* puffing and blowing, yelping and snorting.

Would to heaven that this had been all! Shrieks and screams now burst forth from the smpathizing owner, attended with a corresponding expansion of arms, which expansion, alas! bereaving the dear little creature she held of its resting place, from that soft altitude it tumbled upon its tender skull on the hard edge of the ship, and thence, with a few summer sets, reached the nether planks of the boat: its hitherto unsoiled jacket now defiled with tar and sludge. It was, however, soon restored, in

that state, to the disconsolate damsel, with one broken leg *only*.

Not so of *all* the three swimmers or rather *paddlers*. One could not hold out (perhaps the rascally sailor was not sufficiently nimble in picking him up) and he sank to rise no more! So that, upon a muster, it was discovered that two were missing, one disabled by a broken leg and otherwise grievously bruised, and two out of the remaining three completely soused and drenched, and in a woeful pickle, besides, as their incessant laments implied.

At this piteous sight, the air was rent with the shrill ejaculations of the disconsolate Mourner, and a threat more than once held out of her determination to take a dip into the briny surge, in quest of her departed favorite. But no one had she, her maid excepted, to condole for her

losses. Indeed so far was any of the other passengers from feeling commisseration in her distress, that the exhibition, in some degree, made up for the meal they had lost. Then were her dolorous exclamations altered to expressions of vitupurative anger, and deeming it more expedient to let the full weight of that anger fall upon her poor dependant than on herself, she fell a cuffing her in good earnest, although the girl had been alone true to her charge; her tongue as voluble in abusive epithets, as her open palms were nimble in the distribution of her favors. Then down she flew into the cabin, there with the surviving progeny of her adoption, to bemoan, with sobs and tears, the untimely fate of their unfortunate companions: and her grief continued unabated during the whole length of the voyage.

" Ah, thought Domville, who would not much rather be the old tenant of the cot, on the brink of her grave, than be cursed with such a life as this young woman is preparing for herself!"

By this time, every luggage being stowed on board, the *accommodating* wind again proved favorable: they set sail in good earnest and soon left the harbour.

CHAPTER III.



SPLENDID MISERY.

WHILST the packet-boat is steadily sailing towards the white Clifts of Albion, we will endeavour to entertain the Reader with a short sketch of our Hero's brother, the late Earl Domville.

On this Nobleman were plentifully showered the gifts of fortune; and it was remarked that he, amongst the very few

had escaped her proverbial fickleness. His skilful and unwearied perseverance in converting the favors already bestowed into means for the production of more, either induced or compelled the Goddess not to desert so sedulous a votary. Nature too had bestowed her endowments on his person with no niggardly hand: but one passion, and that the most natural of any, became the instrument of his infelicity. The love of self, carried to excessive egotism, smothered at their birth all the finer feelings. Like the spider, that is only affected by the motion that disturbs the meshes of its web, transactions, in which he had no personal interest, were to him as if they were not: and like the same gloomy, watchful, solitary insect, amidst the gay creation buzzing around, he, one of the prime stars of a splendid court, was a

joyless, unsocial, cold-harted calculator, more bloated than fed with the rich produce of his success.

ODERINT DUM METUUNT! was the terrible expression of the Roman imperial tyrant. Earl Domville acted as if he had made that sentence the rule of his conduct.

No regiment in the Prussian service was more completely drilled to the punctual execution of every command, than his house-hold establishment was made to conform to those regulations he had prescribed: no servant allowed to appear in his presence, but in full costume, with his hair powdered and a bag dangling behind; wearing his bright crimson livery, of a weight oppressive from the amount of gold lace that broadly covered every seam. With the exception of his own stern, sonorous, voice, dread reduced to a

whisper every sentence uttered. Except when he strode the stairs, each foot was as carefully placed on the steps, as if some important personage was then lying in *articulo mortis.* A frown of displeasure checked at its birth, any effusion from his dependents: whether it proceeded from affection or hilarity, he construed it as an attempt at emancipation that called for the interposition of his authority.

In the hey day of youth, he never felt the glow of friendship, the flame of love nor the power of enthusiasm, and never to any one did he cordially hold out the right hand of fellowship. His connections ranked among the highest in the state, his dependants were numerous, immense his wealth and every day encreasing, and few mortals were visited with less bodily pain; yet, with every means for enjoyment thus with-

in his reach, his life passed away a stranger to real pleasure. His keenest excitement to exhilaration arose from a gloomy satisfaction in the miscarriages of others, attended with self gratulation for having escaped similar misfortunes.

He took a wife as a necessary arrangement for the encrease of his consequence and opulence: the contract was a mere bargain, in which he complimented himself as a gainer, because it added to that of which he already possessed a superabundance; nor did his subsequent conduct to his Lady turn that bargain to a better account. Although residing within the same mansion, each had a separate establishment. When they happened to meet, they unaffectionately hailed each other :—It was My Lord and My Lady; and, no motive existing to enforce dissimulation, expressions more en-

dearing escaped not their lips, because none was prompted by their hearts.

The Countess derived by far the greater benefit from the connection. In possession of the means for indulging the natural propensity of the sex for visits, parties, and glitter: she obtained from vanity all the satisfaction that vanity could bestow, reduced, however, by the usual drawback of rivalships and heart-burnings, and moreover extenuated by fastidiousness, the constant attendant on gratifications too often enjoyed.—But the Earl divested of such vivacious motives, had no *real* recreation—no hobby-horse on which he could mount, in whose devious rambles he could lay aside the *morgue* of grandeur, and indulge *con amore* in a favorite pursuit.

Neither of the sister arts captivated his taste or enflamed his imagination. Science

opened its stores in vain; the wonders, the beauties, of nature spoke a language unintelligible to his heart: yet his library displayed a valuable collection of volumes splendidly bound, pictures from the first Masters adorned his apartments, select parties were often invited to well conducted concerts, led by the first Executionists; but the entertainment was for his guests, he only reaped the scanty one derived from ostentation, which, in its gratification, so soon finds its decay.

Not that his heart had been naturally disqualified for the enjoyment of pleasure: but, as he gradualy suffered the love of power and of grandeur to engross his faculties, all other incitements became paralized for want of being called into action. The conviviality of the table and even gaming would have proved a relaxation, an

alleviation to a mind otherwise constantly occupied with the same object; but these and other amusements he forbore, as derogatory to his dignity and tending to familiarities his unsocial pride could not brook.—A sure criterion this of a little mind, conscious of its littleness. He dares not descend, who is aware of his inability to regain the altitude he would quit.—The Earl, in consequence, had contracted a steady reserve, a haughty taciturnity, a morose gravity, quite unnatural in so young a man: he was seldom seen to smile, never to laugh, and the hand of care had, with wrinkles on his brow, anticipated the work of age.

But though each weighty transaction went on smooth with him, it by no means follows that he was impervious to discontent. On the contrary, the fewer the dis-

appointments the more was his peace accessible to repinings and vexation: a mere trifle would discompose his equanimity. As the luxurious Sybarite, reclined on his soft couch, found a motive for discontent, because he detected one rose leaf doubled; he would fret and brood over any cross accident: the success of a concurrent was a serious calamity; and the slightest bodily pain found him in a disposition as sensitive, as though he were afflicted with the sharpest pain of the gout.

He had not sufficient magnanimity to despise or to laugh at those squibs, lampoons and caricatures that, in this country, assail every individual remarkable for rank, talents or success. Thus, by unreasonably amplifying to himself the impor-

tance of his individuality, he became the more accessible to the shafts of every wanton or malignant disturber of his repose.

Habituated to refer every thing to himself, and ever endeavouring to convert every one into a tool for the promotion of his own ends, he felt in retaliation the fear of being over-reached: that fear made him suspicious and alert. To counteract such attempts, whether fancied or real, he called forth all his cunning and displayed wonderful perseverance.

His head Stewart he retained to his death, but not without numerous endeavours, and these repeated at various intervals, in order to detect him tripping in his accounts. This agent, however, contrived to come off clear from every scrutiny: he stood not for all that acquitted

in the conception of his employer. His Lordship ascribed the apparent honesty of his proceedings to a dextrous, long-practiced, knavery.

"This servant of mine (so he would argue) like the rest of the fraternity, must doubtless be a cheat, in some manner or another: the immense sums that pass through his hands but too successfully enable him to enrich himself at my cost.—However, he is a clever shrewd fellow: it is obviously my interest to retain him, as much more serviceable to me than an honest fool, if there be any such: he, for his own sake, will prevent others from robbing me. I shall only have one rogue to watch over instead of many."

His favorite maxim was that every

man is naturally dishonest, and that he who obtains the greater credit for probity is only the more artful knave.—Thus, at one fell swoop, into one odious designation, did this presumptuous mortal include the numerous diversity of characters, that discriminate the human race. According to *his* creed, Virtue was false and Vice real.

The three children his Lady brought him did not form any domestic circle round his heart. On mercenaries devolved the whole task of their education: whatever encomiums were bestowed on them but faintly flattered the man, and never reach a heart that was not paternal. Instead of hailing them as heirs to his name, the succeeding upholders of his rank, wealth and influence, and his natural friends to the close of life, he repiningly marked

their progress towards manhood as hints to him of a declining age, and true to the suggestions of selfishness, he viewed his own offspring in the odious light of intruders, who must wish him away, as the chief bar to those worldly possessions they would acquire by his demise.

If any sensation truly *cordial* came from such man it was the hatred he bore his brother. That hatred began in the days of his boyhood, and only ended with his life: it received aliment from a variety of occurrences. In natural gifts our Hero was his superior: at school he was the favorite of his comrades, whilst the young Earl became more and more the object of their aversion. Neither did Charles try to lessen by forbearance his sense of superiority: on the contrary, his natural flow of spirits, his quickness at

resentment, made him too often careless of the wounds he inflicted. When they mingled with the world, his Lordship could not conceal from himself that, though every outward consideration was offered at the shrine of his eldership, to his brother the homage of the heart and of the mind was tendered: and, whilst the greater profusion of obsequious bows and interested smiles were directed to him, Charles engrossed the attention, captivated the good will, elevated the mind, enlivened the spirits, by his vivacious eloquence, his social disposition, and the urbanity and freedom of his manners.

On the young Peer succeeding to the family's honors and affluence, he soon perceived that Domville must now be dependant, not only on his patronage for the maintainance of his then consequence in so-

ciety, but also on his bounty, as he deemed every other pecuniary channel closed against him; he therefore numbered him amongst his retainers and made him feel that he considered him as such. The spirited young man spurned the degrading situation, and doubly aggravated the offence of rejection by seceding from the ministerial side, and openly espousing the cause of the Earl of Petersfield, the political oponent his Lordship held in the greatest dislike.

The annuity of 400*l*, subsequently granted, the Earl conjectured would so far subdue his brothers pride as to induce the latter to make obsequious advances towards a reconciliation, and that a resumption of tory principles would be the consequence. In this expectation he was disappointed. The quarterly instalments were received

and no other notice taken of the donation, except by the receipt for the same, regularly transmitted to Counsellor Cranbourne. This neglect led our nobleman to infer that the hatred he felt was returned with equal cordiality. Hence originated the angry insertion of his motives for disallowing his brother any bequest in his last will. Without attempting to palliate a conduct so unforgiving, we must, in justice, censure Charles for this sin of omission :—since he condescended to accept an obligation; it certainly was his duty to acknowledge it as such.

The latter end of Earl Domville is soon told. Nature was to the last constant in sparing him much bodily pain, he gradually sunk into a languid apathy, and expired without a struggle. A magnificent funeral was the *last* public notice taken of this

opulent, powerful, successful, hapless, because *heartless*, nobleman, whose excessive love of self, defeating its own purpose, had promoted his own misery. Thus in some chemical preparations too great a proportion of one ingredient, not only prevents the intended effect, but produces results precisely the reverse.

That keen and unsparing scrutator of the human heart,—La Rochefoucault, observes that, whatever difference is apparent in conditions, there is always a certain compensation of good and of evil, that renders them equal. If, by the word *conditions*, he means the dispensations of nature and of fortune among mankind, the maxim will not altogether hold good. Bodily pain is a real evil and, in its continuance, becomes downright wretchedness; which no compensation can be adduced as adequate.

On the other hand, the privation of Fortune's gifts may be, and is very frequently, more than counterbalanced by a cheerful disposition, in the power of any rational creature to attain. (See for instance that beautiful paper in the Spectator on gaiety and cheerfulness)—However, without entering into discussions respecting that unfathomable theme—the *existence of Evil*—we may conclude generally and from hourly experience, that misery is either begotten, fostered, or aggravated by vitious propensities; and that, on the contrary, our well being is either promoted, encreased or prolonged by the practice of virtue.

CHAPTER IV.

WAYS AND MEANS.

OUR traveller, on touching British ground, though the morn was at first too dark to distinguish objects, felt in full fervor the *Amor Patriæ*. It, for a time, suspended all anxiety for his precarious situation: even the image of Miss de Clermont reflected on his heart with less seduction; yet, that image contrived somehow

to associate itself with various objects that contributed their share in rendering delightful the ride from Dover.—Should within a snug, leafy, recess, a neat, little dwelling peep through.

"Ye Gods! Such a spot as this—and Louise! I ask no more!"

He scrutinized the inhabitants, surveyed the scenery, as intensely as if both were novel to his sight. The ideas that crowded his mind, bringing in endearing recollections of his younger days, invested every object with a charm for the suspension of his sorrows. But when, approaching the populous outskirts of the metropolis, the activity, the bustleness, the intensity of every one for the furtherance of his pursuits, re-called him to a re-consideration of his own immediate concerns.

Certain that by to-morrow his resources

as to pecuniary means would be ascertained, and aware that, from the known disposition of his late brother, but a slender expectation of a fortunate issue could be entertained, he left the coach dejected and forlorn.

Another cause subsequently tended to depress his spirits.—He who so frequently had paced the same streets, hailed, greeted and cheered by a numerous acquaintance, was now suffered to range in every direction, unspoken to, unknown and unheeded.

"But, wherefore, said he to himself, should I subject my well-being to the caprice of others? Suppose the neglect intended and not casual, if I am no worse than I was, 'tis they, not I should feel shame."

On calling upon the executors of his brother, he had the mortification to find,

that the amount of legacy left him was but little calculated to refresh the memory, and to re-excite the smiles of his former, fashionable, friends. *He was cut off with a shilling!* Indeed, with the exception of a very few collateral bequests, the whole of the immense property was left to the late Earl's three children.

Domville, who had reasoned with himself, in case of the worst happening, was now fully resolved to act up to his notions of fitness. He collected all his fortitude, in order to face the formidable array of hardships Poverty was marshalling against him. As a general, driven from the field, retreats with what troops he can collect within some fortress, determined to hold out to the last; he, with very few pounds remaining, retired to a cheap lodging and, taught economy by his former practice,

found means of making a little go a great way. Yet, as he loved to be and to appear neat, he delayed parting with his better apparel, till necessity should compel the transfer. In the mean time, in order to avert that necessity, he sought to encrease his store of cash with the product of his labour.

It now occurred to him that in the bottom of his trunk was deposited a literary work, left unfinished, *because* the £400. annuity interfered to prevent its concluding progress. He drew it from under his clothes, and began a re-perusal. So masterly was the performance rated by the *impartial* Author, that he resolved its many beauties should no longer be withheld from an admiring world.

His scanty finances not allowing him time to bring it to a conclusion, with manu-

script under arm, he called on his former Publisher; but this man had left off business or business had left him off; our author was fain to apply to other gentlemen of the trade, for a purchaser. But, as his name was not in the title page and, as the delicacy of his vanity would suffer no consideration to usurp any of the influence, due only to the intrinsic merit of the performance, he was debarred from any advantage derivable from that circumstance. On the other hand, the traders in modern manuscripts never thought it worth their while to enquire, who it was that made a tender of a work in an unfinished state, on a subject which they deemed not sufficiently attractive; no wonder that the highest sum offered was so inconsiderable, as to deter him from submitting to part with so much worth for so paltry a consideration.

Thus baffled, he retreated to his back premises, up three pair of stairs, not with chest expanded and the easy, fashionable lounge, with which he, in the days of his vanity, paraded up and down Pall Mall, arm in arm with some gay titled companion.—But on he hurried, with contracted shoulders and neck so bent, as to enable his sight rather to contemplate the flags forming the *trottoir* than to trace the clouds in the sky.

How were circumstances altered!—The distinguished Commoner, Lady Olivia's acknowledged admirer and my Lord Piercefield's bosom friend, who, but a few weeks since, rode in state with the British Ambassador to the palace of the Tuileries, undertaking to reverse and succeeding in reversing a sentence, which the whole ministry had determined on having executed. — Who, admitted to a conference with the King of

France, conversed with his Majesty almost upon a footing of equality.--Who, it seemed, had only to ask and it should be given unto him,—is now a miserable lodger in some obscure alley, unable to extract from any publisher, for a valuable consideration, a sum sufficient to prolong his existence for a few weeks.

The contrast was disheartening; but Domville was determined not to be disheartened. He discovered that, upon casting up every item on both sides, he was, on the whole, creditor to a considerable amount; and that the prime of manhood, with health, talents, steadiness of principles, and the consciousness of not having lived in vain, greatly overbalanced what could be adduced against him on the score of poverty. This conference with himself ended in a strenuous determination,

to grapple with all his might against adverse fortune, and that, whatever should betide him, to rise or fall like a man. Thus the Polar bear feels his rugged hardihood invigorated, as the inclemency of the desolate regions increases in severity.

Our Hero, moreover, found that the struggle, far from reducing him, endued him with additional energy; and from the pressure he rose the greater, as the bow, further bent, sends off the arrow to a higher altitude. But though his mind was strengthened, his heart became not hardened! Love, *unrequited* love, exalted and refined it.—Never could it be said, that he was alone: the vivid remembrance of the virtues, the trials, the charms, of Miss de Clermont constantly dwelt with him.

"O Louisa! he once exclaimed, affected even to tears. O Louisa! though thou hast forsaken me, I will live, I will die, if not thine, at least worthy of thee."

An objector may here start up and remark, that all such raptures are of no avail for the sustenance of life, and that, without the means of procuring subsistence, through the medium of money, friends, trade, or a profession, that of a beggar or of a thief included, our Hero must starve in London, as well as the Polar Bear. We admit both his premises and conclusion: yet we answer that, though destitute of money, friends, and trade, he was now employed in some sort of a profession, certainly not a lucrative one, neither one deemed very creditable in the eyes of the world; yet, as it secured him the means of subsistence, without tainting his morals,

or lessening his mental independence, he was content to follow it, for want of a better.

This profession was that of a Writer—hear me—I mean not a literary writer, but a mere *copyist*. One, who for the consideration of a few pence per sheet, of so many words each, undertakes to transcribe for Lawyers a portion of what legal documents their clerks and regular scriveners, maugre their constant employment of the quill, cannot get through.

Although our Philosopher could not boast of any friend now in England, he might have derived occasional assistance from his quondam acquaintance. But, then, such relief (a hated word in his ear) could be but temporary, and must be obtained at the expense of some pride—of more pride than he was willing to con-

cede. He was not above receiving obligations, as we shall see hereafter, but then they must come from the hand of those he could really esteem. The relaxing and even demoralizing effect of living upon donations, he had too sensibly felt not to avert, with all his might, the calamitous necessity of again submitting his principles to their acceptance. On the other hand, the resources derived from industrious application, assured him a certain weekly stipend, which was likely to be co-existent with the continuance of that application.

After a few days trial, he found himself able to persevere, and felt, in consequence, an honest pride in providing for his support, at no man's charge. Moreover, by restricting his wants to the bare necessities of life, every Saturday night brought him a sur-

plus of cash, small it is true, but his own, and honestly got.

Shall I disclose the full extent of this man's pride?—Determined, as he had vowed in his heart, to *deserve* the affections of *his* Louise, he perceived that greatness of soul is in the man, independently of any particular situation, and that, entertaining the sentiments he did and acting up to them, during a long course of hardships and self denials, he was raising himself on an equality with Henry de Solignac.—The person of all others he was most anxious to emulate.

CHAPTER V.



BENEFICENCE.

LET it not be supposed that, however scanty his finances, however short the leisure he could spare from his desk, he was precluded from being beneficial to others. There exists no man in a state of society, whatever his situation, but can, if his inclination prompts him, be in some degree serviceable to his neighbours.—A sublime—

better still—a consoling reflection for Believers in a Providence; who, by reducing its amount can thus turn the existence of Evil, (the chief objection this of their opponents) into an instrument for the amelioration of their moral being—for the perfecting of their nature.

The first week's rent for lodging becoming due, our Hero went down to discharge it. His Landlady kept a shop, filled with such a variety of articles of the first necessity, that it were impossible to class it under any one distinct denomination; and at that time (Sunday morning) customers were wont to call for what they could afford to purchase or get credit for. He heard her stern denial to a request, timidly made by a pale, emaciated, woe-stricken, forlorn, female, object, whose countenance bore more tokens of wretchedness than what

could be inferred even from her scanty, tattered apparel.

"No, indeed.—I can't afford more trust.—You owe me already (looking on her well chalked board and casting up) two shillings and eightpence halfpenny,—that must be rubbed off first, before I begin a fresh score."

The Petitioner replied not; she knew there was no appeal: no tears bedewed her eyes; she showed neither surprise nor resentment.—The repulse was in the regular course of things.—Yet one could trace a deeper sense of dejection; and, taking by the hand a ragged, bare-footed, bushy-headed urchin, whom she had brought with her, as a forlorn hope to excite commiseration, she made way for a better customer, slowly left the shop and departed.

In the mean time Mrs. Grimstone, seemingly unmoved, attended to the concerns of her trade. She could, however, find time to bid her lodger step into the back room, and that she would soon be at liberty.

Surely, thought Domville, this woman must be destitute of all human feeling. In that unfavorable prepossession he was mistaken. She was not destitute of charity: she had occasionally sent to this female broken victuals and *waste* articles from the shop, and——the Parish did the rest.

After paying the rent, Domville could not help reverting to the subject of the poor woman, adding that he had seldom seen so miserable an object.

" Miserable, indeed! She is really much to be pitied."

" In that case, replied her Lodger rather

reproachfully, she ought the sooner to be relieved."

"But what can be done? All my gettings would not relieve one quarter of the poverty I am obliged to witness every day. This woman besides is cursed with such a husband. What I could send would only go to *stuff* him: she and family would not starve the less.—The fellow is for ever making a disturbance in the neighbourhood: indeed he is quite a nuisance.—You must have heard him, before now, in one of his raging fits."

"Is it he, then, who occupies that ruinous hovel, just before my window?"

"The very same.—Yet this man has known better days: he once was a Master Mason; he foolishly enough undertook the building of a grand house and never got paid for the job. As matters went on

from bad to worse, he took to drinking, and is now quite a sot. Much better it would have turned out for his wife and family, had he been laid in his coffin, on the day of his bankruptcy."

"But, how do they subsist?"

"God knows.—They have been for some time on the parish; yet the woman is clever at her needle. All manner of tailoring work she can manage pretty well, and is, I believe, willing to do any thing to get an honest penny; but the man is so well known and they are so poor, that folks are afraid to trust her with any article of value.—So, you see, that even that chance is gone from her.

Fraught with this intelligence, our Hero went up to his recess and busied himself with looking over his apparel, in order to

find out some temporary employment for his destitute, female, neighbour.

It were amusing to behold the gentleman thus employed: how he scrutinized each article! How desirous to detect rents and gaps, then fearful lest the cost for repairs would cause a fearful reduction in the amount of his present pecuniary stock. His indecision was encreased by the same apprehension he, from Mrs. Grimstone's representation, had blamed others for entertaining.—"This waistcoat is too valuable; may be I shall never see it again." He, however, contrived to make up a bundle, the mending and darning of which, he conceived, would reach half-a-crown.

As he went through the shop the sight of some loaves, ranged upon the window's shelf, suggested to him that the donation of

one could not prove unacceptable. The first impulse was in accordance with that suggestion; prudence prompted a second of a contrary tendency, and made him irresolute. He stood on the threshold, internally debating the subject, fingering the while a few shillings in his pocket.—"Let us first see—it will be time enough then."—that consideration prevailed and he pursued his errand.

It requires no difficulty to obtain admission into abodes of misery. Those who are perpetually adducing reasons in order to silence their conscience for their uncharitable sluggishness, cannot complain of the trouble and difficulty to find them out. Go straight or retrograde,—turn to the right or to the left,—there they are, ever open for inspection, if you are ready to behold. It is to gain admittance into the mansions of the

Prosperous that difficulties occur and perseverance is requisite: here obstacles seldom deter, there the least impediment disheartens; yet how different is the reception! In the one instance you are hailed as a Benefactor, as a Superior being—in the other, repulse and insult are often the *deserved* return for your degrading solicitude.

Domville had no occasion to lift up the latch; though one still remained, the iron notch below was missing: so he gently pushed open the door and entered.

The floor had been quarried, but the removal of several of its compartments only showed the damp soil beneath, and others were so loose or broken as made it unsafe for the inexperienced foot. Although half the bars of the fire grate remained, capable to hold a few, scanty, shovelfulls of coal; in a damp, raw, chilly, morning, tha'

indispensable luxury of fuel was denied. In lieu of papering, the walls round were stained with every tinge, from a dingy hue to a coal black. The state of the low ceiling matched that of the floor: the plaster had fallen and was falling off, and through the decayed and broken laths, the light from above shone through the chasms of the boards. A couple of unsteady chairs, a broken table, a low, greasy, stool, a crazy, lidless, trunk, with a few shelves empty, save what space was occupied by a half a dozen unmatching and unmatchable tea cups, completed the furniture of this apartment.

The Visitor not doubting that the room above, by him unexplored, corresponded with the one he beheld, paid with a sigh his tribute of commiseration. The tenement, however, was well *stocked* with

human creatures, unwashed, uncombed, ragged and starving. Three girls, two boys and the mother completed the household, with the exception of the father who was absent, spending the remnant of his week's wages at some pot house, whence he would return in a gruff disposition, which he conceived himself justified to vent on his family, *because* intemperance had reduced him pennyless: a legitimate motive for quarrelling besides could not be lacking, *because* no *Sunday* dinner will he find, cooked in time, to be placed before him on his arrival.

If ever there are hopeless cases for doing good, with any permanent effect, this is surely one, chiefly considering the very limited means of the intended Benefactor: indeed the first sensation was the chilly one of discouragement.—However,

warmed by the consciousness of his motive, he proceeded.

Reader, hast thou ever tried to handle a spade?—At first, thy hasty, inexperienced foot feels an unpleasant jar, as the pressure forces the instrument into the soil, the heavy clod is then heaved up and turned into the trench:—it is then broken small and made level to match the part already done by an Adept. A few more such efforts repeated, the loins feel sore, the arms weary, and the Operator erects himself, in order to fetch breath and to unstiffen his back. He then casts a rueful glance on the small extent of his labour, and views in despair the immense expanse remaining.—The spade is relinquished: he recedes from the trench, and wiping his forehead, exclaims discouraged,

"I shall never be a Gardener!"

Yet some are tempted to finish the

trench, others to complete a second or more and as they proceed, the labour feels less fatiguing, the space dug is more considerable, and the quantum remaining appears of course much reduced. This prompts to fresh exertions, and he that has persevered thus far, on leaving work, feels, as the evening closes, a reasonable pride in the amount of his labour: an additional flow of spirits and an increase of appetite the consequence.

Early next morning, he rises, impatient to resume his task; and day after day a considerable step is made towards pecuniary independence, as he need not look out abroad for expensive amusements, nor is he longer dependent on the society of others, as he is now surrounded with the plants of his own rearing. He derives pleasure from anticipating the produce, — the pleasure is doubled when the produce

is realized,—that pleasure is increased ten fold by a sense of its usefulness.—Such, and more exquisite still, is the reward of those who persevere in their endeavours to alleviate, human misery. The practice gains upon them; and, unlike the money-lender, who must *wait* for the falling in of his interest, the act repays them at the very time.

Domville, not seeming affected by the wretchedness about him, inquired of the mother whether she could repair the several articles he had brought.—So saying, he displayed them before her.

She replied in the affirmative; would be thankful for the job: and in answer to his inquiry about the charge, he was assured it was well worth ten pence! The magnitude of the sum demanded, made her mention it rather hesitatingly: it proved,

however, two-thirds less than what her intended employer had rated it at. He left her in the possession of the articles, with an intimation that they would be wanted by Tuesday next, and with a promise on her part that she would not fail to take them in, on the morning of that day.

On his re-entering the shop, he thought that Prudence itself would not object to his laying out, for the poor family's benefit, one *half* of the twenty-pence the moderation of the charge had left at his disposal. Half a quartern loaf and a peck of potatoes were dispatched, in order to ensure some food for the Sunday and following day, — then nimbly up stepped the light-hearted, magnificent, Donor, three steps at a stride, to his room, three stories high; and, from his own previous estimation, ten-pence *the richer* for the deed.

On her calling at the appointed time, he put to her some questions as to her prospects.—Alas! It appeared to her quite a blank! Brutal treatment, total neglect had, from a bustling, industrious woman, reduced her to a slattern, almost passive.

"Still, your eldest daughter might do something."

"Why, yes, Sir, many a time I have thought that some little might be picked up by selling fruit."

"Well, what prevents you?"

"Ah, Sir! to get a second hand wooden tray, and to buy a few oranges and apples to stock it with, would take no less than three shillings.—Where could I raise such a sum?"

Here Prudence again gave battle to Generosity: however, the latter had the best

end of the staff, if we are to judge from this compromise.

"Well, I will advance the three shillings, provided you promise faithfully to return them to me, next sunday week. The money I can very ill spare and, therefore, trust that you will not disappoint me."

With an assurance that the debt would be then discharged, she left the room, in possession of the needful.—Soon after, however, a very gentle rap, hardly audible, proved the harbinger of her re-appearance.

"If you please, Sir, I would rather bring you a shilling at a time, just as we get it. It would not be safe for your money to be kept by us, because of my husband."

" That will do very well, provided the whole sum is paid up, at the time mentioned."

I crave not the Reader to forgive these minutiæ, he must surely feel a charm in perusing transactions of real life, which the fictions of the Novelist cannot well supply.

On Thursday next, she brought him the first shilling, on account.

" Well. Have you any work on hand?"

" No, Sir.

" But, why dont you try to get some?—I have at present nothing else for you."

" Ah, Sir, I can get nobody to trust me with any thing.

" True.—But, then, as your time is on that account the more your own, one would think (added he viewing her tattered ap-

parel) that your skill in needlework might do for yourself and family, what I have paid you for doing for me."

This reproach proved that all pride was not yet extinct in her, her altered tone and features gave sundry indications in her reply.

"It was not always so, Sir, I can assure you.—I have struggled hard—very hard. But of late, misery has come so fast upon me.—Indeed, I am quite disheartened."

"The meaning of this is, that, because things are bad, you are content to make them worse. Industry, in any situation, is never wholly lost. Help yourself and others will be induced to help you."

"I often think of exerting myself once more, but some cross thing or another always happens to thwart me."

"Surely your girls, if taught by you, could be made serviceable: the boys will in time bring in their share of help. Where something is done, something may be expected.—Where nothing is sown, nothing can be reaped."

"Ah, Sir, your words revive my spirits. You are the only one that has for a long time talked to me thus kindly. I began to fancy myself beneath notice.—Yes, I will try—But, then added she despondingly, checking her reviving hopes.—My husband!"

"Who knows, when you have made your home more comfortable, he may be induced to spend less of his time at the pot-house."—Here the woman with a melancholy smile hopelessly shook her head. —"At all events, Mrs. Williams, in endeavouring our best, we never fail obtain-

ing a source of consolation in the worst of times.—Look here! displaying open an ample, gay coloured, cravat which, although intersected with scarcely fewer rents than those apparent, on many a standard of our veteran battalions, was yet a prize worth contending for.—Look here! I will keep this for little Betsy. It will yet do to cut out for a tippet. I will give it her as soon as she can hem it.

On the first Sunday, a second shilling was paid. She appeared, attended by the same Urchin he first beheld, and in the opposite hand, *little Betsy* was produced. Both children much improved in person and apparel; their faces and hands bore evident signs of ablution, as these were no longe encrusted with a thick layer of dirt; the comb had forced a passage, in various directions, through the matted clus-

ters of their locks; and the needle had materially succeeded in closing up the gaps in their covering. Indeed the free use of that instrument and of soap had also improved the appearance of the mother, who seemed not a little pleased with the favorable alteration she had effected in her children.

Domville could not but notice the improvement, he was also pleased with her punctuality in the faithful discharge of his pecuniary claim.—All this promised fair.—He did not suffer her to depart without some kind act and expression, calculated to gratify a mother, and soon after went down himself to pay his rent. He then, thus opened his intended conference with his landlady.

"Mrs. Grimstone, your disclosure of particulars relating to Williams's family

induced me to do the woman some trifling service: more I would do, if there were any prospect of being really serviceable."

"I doubt it will be so much time and money thrown away."

"Suppose they were encouraged to take in washing."

"No body in their senses will trust them with clothes."

"I will trust them with mine.—Perhaps, in consequence, some more of your lodgers will be induced.—A very little help would set them a going."

"How you men talk! You have no notion of *them* matters. The woman has no convenience—no wash-house—no yard to dry in—no lines—no pegs—no irons—no fire to heat them—not so much as a table or rug to spread the clothes upon—in short—no nothing."

Every one of these items, thus emphatically enumerated, were so many clenchers to fasten Domville's lips.

"And if she had all that she wants, triumphantly pursued the Objectrice, the best of the clothes would find their way to the Pawn-brokers."

Having for some time enjoyed her triumph, partly pride and partly good nature prompted her to show what *she* could do, for the removal of those obstacles that to him appeared insuperable.

"I'll tell you what.—If she can get a few customers, I may perhaps spare her my yard and the use of my lines and irons: there is a shed, where she can wash and get up the clothes in, and these will lay much safer there than at home.—But, mind me, I won't have her brats for ever loitering about and littering the yard, I

can tell her that.—If that much will suit, why, she is welcome."

Domville expressed himself thankful for the offer, notwithstanding the ungracefulness of its delivery, and hastened to impart the gladful tidings to Mrs. Williams, who felt not less pleased at the intelligence.

The glow of reviving industry spread over her pallid cheeks. One of the shillings was re-borrowed for the indispensable purchase of soap at Mrs. Grimstone's shop, and the second daughter was now made to help her Mother in this new undertaking.

During the whole week, Domville's Protogée had been careful to prevent her children from annoying Mrs. Grimstone, and he found the latter still favourably disposed. She had got her a customer or two, and doubted not that, if she gave

satisfaction, more would be had. She had also heard of an errand lad wanted at a Grocer's; it would suit the eldest very well. The place could afford him *the run of his teeth*, perhaps bring him in some cast off clothes with other pickings.—"But then *who* is to make the application?"

"I will, cried Domville,—I will go immediately."

So saying, having obtained the direction, he departed on that hopeful errand.—Time and trouble thrown away!—The place had been taken; but was told of a Trunk maker, some streets off, who had such a situation vacant. Thither he sped—made his application, was let to know by the master that he always made it a rule, never to admit lads into his house without proper recommendation, or without some knowledge of the parents. All he could adduce, not being

satisfactory, he slowly retraced his steps, nothing done.

Next morning, however, he was more fortunate:—calling upon his Stationer for a necessary supply of paper, he happened to inquire whether Mr. Demy knew of any one that wanted an errand lad; Mr. D. replied that if he liked the looks of the boy, he would take him in himself, at first as a trial.

In consequence, the mother having exerted all her ingenuity in making the most of his rags, and of a trifling article from Mr. Domville's wardrobe, introduced the youth, properly admonished, to his employer.

He being disposed of, a fresh difficulty occurred,—how to contrive for the eldest daughter.—She was rather pretty, and this street-selling oranges was, after all, one

step toward prostitution. A middle-aged lady wanted a maid, so Mrs. Grimstone informed him.—"But Sally had no acquirements,—it was not to be expected she would fit the place; to be sure, the wench was handy, and 'cute, and willing, and all that; but Ladies now-a-days expect so much for their money.—It must not be thought on."

"Why not? Where is the harm in trying? Come, Mrs. Grimstone, I have provided for the lad; do you undertake the girl.—Every one for his own sex,—that's fair."

"Me! Cried she, in surprise, that would be a fool's errand.—I should soon come back as wise as I went.—"Hark ye," added she, laughing, which laughing provoked a cough, (the lady was somewhat asthmatic) "take my word for it, a hand-

some, agreeable gentleman, such as you, is more fitter to gain a lady's favour, than such a gruff, homely, plain spoken woman, as I be."

Vanity certainly did not allow our Hero to undertake the bland efficacy of his address: thus encouraged, he undertook the negociation of this very delicate affair. He was admitted, and having ascertained from the Lady's lips the deficiency in her establishment, ventured to recommend Sarah Williams, as not altogether unworthy her protection.

"And, pray, Sir, what can the girl do?"

This plain question struck the Recommender dumb; of all the requisites expected from a maid servant, he only knew of those that enabled her to rectify the disorder in his apartment, and to bring in his meals.

"Can she get up fine linen, wait at table and occasionally do the office of a cook?"

Alas! Sally, he knew, must be deficient in every one of these particulars; indeed, as to the last office, she never had any materials to work upon.—The case appeared hopeless;—yet the girl was quick of apprehension, she could soon learn, if the lady would abate somewhat of her expectations,. for the sake of humanity.—That thought inspired him with a cue; he conceived that a disclosure of the whole truth, a plain artless narrative, the most likely way to excite her participation in the rescue of a young female from impending ruin. He besought her indulgence, told his tale, neither boasted of nor concealed his share in what had already been done for the family. His appearance, his manner, his delivery, bespoke the gentleman, the man

of education; he used no flowery expres-expressions; neither did any exaggerated statement weaken the intended effect, by creating distrust.

"Madam." thus concluded the Advocate's peroration,' if you do not, at first, derive all the benefit that could be expected from the girl's services, at least you may rest assured that, as your motive in admitting her into your household is the effect of pure benevolence, gratitude on her part must be the return. Domestics generally deem their qualifications an *adequate set off* against the amount of wages received; and the agreement is thus felt as a sort of trading-like bargain. But here you are sure of a zeal, of an affection daily, hourly evinced in the prompt and cheerful discharge of what services she can as yet perform, till her aptitude, enlightened and guided by

your instructions, will have qualified her for the place she is to occupy ; and who knows but her respectful attachment may, in return, confer on you, Madam, that boon of all others the most beneficial, — a *real* friend in a confidential servant.

Mrs. Grimstone's prognostic was verified ; the gentleman succeeded, and Sally was allowed to wait on the lady, at first only as a trial ; however, she, as well as her brother contrived to retain their respective situations. This being accomplished, Domville fancied that nothing more was required of him,—he reckoned without his host.—

As he was busy at his daily occupation, heavy steps from clumsy feet, ungraced with dancing pumps, thumped the stairs ascending. A heavy fist knocked for admission, and a dirty, coarsely clad, sturdily built, vulgar looking, rough-bearded figure,

begrimed with mortar and brick dust, appeared in view. A compound of idleness, drunkenness, brutality and roguery. His ostensible errand was only intended to introduce another he had much more at heart. This duplicity gave him a hesitating tone and manner that betrayed him.

"Beg pardon, Sir, for coming, but, as you have been kind to wife and family, thought it best to come and thank you myself—and -and—that's all—no offence, I hope."

"The best way of thanking me is to do your share towards supporting your family."

"Why, Sir, as to that—to be sure—there is no doubt,—but then—as you thought of them—why, I was in hopes that your honor would also think of me."

"Think of you! How am I to get you

" As to work, Sir, there is no lack of that and slaving work it is—but then, Sir,—that ean't it."

" What is it you want then?"

" Why, Sir, as you are so friendly disposed, may be, you would have no sort of objection to my drinking your health in a pot of porter or so."

This demand, thus impudently made, astonished Domville and raised his indignation. His first impulse was to bid the fellow leave the room; but the hope, however faint, of effecting some little towards his amendment, for his family's sake, suggested this milder reply.

" Hark ye, Williams. I am willing to help those that are willing to help themselves; but against the Idle and Drunkard my hand shall ever be closed."

This retort had no *moral* effect, he only

felt for the privation his throat would suffer by the denial:—but, as his form still occupied the same space on which it stood, the other continued."

"Only consider to what degradation you have reduced yourself: once you were respected; now you are despised and are, in every sense, a loser by the exchange."

"Well, Sir, if you are not disposed, there is no harm done, that's all."

"Indeed you have less pretence to ask relief than before: you are now relieved from the charge of providing for two of your children."

"As to that, Sir," with a malicious grin, bordering upon insolence; he now conceiving that the more unanswerable part of the argument was on his side. "As to that, Sir, you have done me no sort of ser-

vice—rather harm.—It may be well enough for them; but *I* am worse off than before"

"How can that be?"

"Why, the Parish has reduced my allowance: so I lose the taking of that much more money.—I wish folks would meddle with their own *consarns*."

This reply disclosed to Domville *one* of the demoralizing effects of that baneful system. He remained a moment silent, then resuming.

"At all events, your wife is placed in a way to gain her share towards maintaining the remainder of the family: and you, if you have the pride—the feelings of a man, ought to do the other."

"This is as it may be; but for all that, though there be a deal of bustling and of fuss going forward, I don't see more money stirring than before, not I."

The fact was that, for weighty reasons, the Lady's late Creditor was become her present Banker.

" So it turns out," sturdily and insolently pursued Williams," for all them grand doings, I am still the Loser.—Who is to make it up to me, I should like to know ?"

Domville now rose.—

" Get what redress you can ; but here you shall no longer stay.——Come, Sir, walk out.———"

And his " proud form*" standing beside the door, pointed to the stairs. Williams sulkily followed that direction, willing, yet not daring to shew the blackguard. But, his boldness increasing as he receded, on the landing place he was heard, *in that character.*

* *The Absentee*—Miss Edgeworth.

This man, however, did not remain long after, an incumbrance on the now industrious family. Being detected in the act of shop-lifting, he was incarcerated, tried at the Old Bailey, convicted and transported. His wife was in consequence enabled to exchange her ruinous hovel for a more convenient dwelling; and our Hero had the satisfaction of beholding the progress of that prosperity of which he had been the primary cause, at the pecuniary cost of—TEN-PENCE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JOGGING OF MEMORY.

ON every Sunday, the day appointed for the remission of labor, he took a long walk into the country, round the Metropolis, for the sake of both health and recreation, deriving additional pleasure from variety, as he made it a rule to pursue each time a different direction. When he had completed the circle, he regularly traced it over again, renewing thus his acquaintance with every striking or interesting object he had seen, and revisiting memorials he had here and there set up, in

commemoration of the then disposition of his heart and mind.

It was in one of these *festive* rambles that he noticed a gentleman, conducting a visitor to his carriage. The former, in giving the parting shake, begged to be kindly remembered to Mrs. *Sandhurst*—and the carriage drove off.

The sound of that name, it may well be supposed, did not escape Domville. He tarried some time in cogitation, impressed with the probability, that the Mr. Sandhurst then in the carriage still in view, was the very Merchant who had accepted from him the gift of two thousand pounds, and had returned upon application the sum of fifty only, as recorded in this authentic history, vol. i. chap. 12.

As it mainly concerned him to ascertain the truth, he made to the gentèel looking

house, from out of which he had seen him depart, and requested to speak with the owner. His appearance being deemed a sufficient passport, he was admitted, when Domville begged to be informed, whether the Gentleman just gone was not Mr. Peter Sandhurst, now or late of Liverpool, and nephew of a person of the same name, once a West India Merchant. On being answered in the affirmative, he requested to know his present residence, as he had a message of some consequence to deliver to him. Furnished with the direction, he politely apologized for the trouble given and took his leave.

Ere he closed his eyes that night, he made up his mind to wait on the Gentleman next morning, although, by so doing, he would lose the best part of a day's work.

Following the directions, he found himself in front of a modern Villa, of elegant structure, enclosed by a well laid out shrubbery. He went through the gate and was making to the house, in as straight a line as the winding avenue would allow, when he perceived, emerging from a green house, a person who in his appearance bore every token of ownership.—Domville stepped up to him.——After the usual salutations.

" Mr. Sandhurst, I presume."

" Sir, my name is Sandhurst."

" Some particular business entails this call on you.—Shall I explain it here, or will you allow me to attend you into the house?"

" Sir, Business, let me tell you, is not to be so unceremoniously treated as to be discussed in the open air. — Allow me

(bustling up the steps) to shew you the way.

Domville was then received into a parlour richly furnished; indeed, as he cast his eye about him, every object bespoke the comforts and luxuries of a Man in affluence.—When they were seated.

" Now, Sir, resumed the Owner, your pleasure?"

" Sir, If I am not deceived, you are of the firm of Spalding, Hadley, Sandhurst and Co."

" Such *was* the firm, But it is now Sandhurst *only*—we'll drop the *Co.* if you please.—If you have any demand on me, by an application at my counting-house, it will be discharged forthwith."

" I certainly have a demand on you; but it is not entered, I believe, in any of the books kept by your clerks. Yet, I

trust that the obligation, though of long standing, indeed past the bill of limitations, is still fresh in your recollection."

"I really, Sir, do not perceive the drift of this.—This is not the way of proceeding to business. Be pleased, in your turn, to inform me whom I have the pleasure of conversing with."

"Though personally unknown to you, I cannot but think that my name is familiar to your ear."

"Well, Sir."

"You must have heard of a person calling himself—Domville—Charles Nayland Domville.—I am that person."

The perceptible effects of the sensation felt, at the delivery of that name, clearly proved that it had not been forgotten.

"The remittance of 2,000*l*. you received

about seven years ago, must bring to your recollection that the letter, containing that remittance, was signed by my name."

Mr. Sandhurst was certainly taken by surprise.—He hemmed and hawed and reddened—he felt uneasy in his seat.—he started up and wiped his face.—Domville also rose and proceeded.

"I am the writer of the letter. It was I who benefitted you with the present of two thousand pounds; and, if ever there were disinterested obligations conferred, this is one."

"True, Sir,—very true—to be sure, Sir, nothing can be said against that—But, then, Sir, you will be pleased to recollect that, subsequently, you made me a pecuniary application, which was not—altogether, fruitless."

"Right, Mr. Sandhurst.—Out of 2000*l.* you returned me fifty—just half of one year's interest out of the seven."

"Interest, Sir! you surprise me! I never understood that the sum was to bear interest at all; and sure am I, that the purport of the whole correspondence on the subject did not imply, at any time, the obligation of a return of, even a part, of the principal."

"It did not.—The sum I certainly intended as a free gift."

"Very well, Sir.—Very good. *Now* we understand each other."

For I thought it hard, very hard, that you, the next akin to your Uncle, should be deprived of the whole of a property, bequeathed to a more distant relation."

"Sir, I am glad you admit that. It was a hard case indeed!"

"So much the more unmerited, as your character, upon inquiry, stood in the eyes of the world, free from any injurious imputations.—Sandhurst bowed—That consideration induced me to mitigate, thus far, the hardship of your case,"

"Sir, I thank you for this candid avowal. I then could but feel, and have often felt since, that it was generously—most generously done by you."

"Now, Sir, this bequest proved to me worse than illusory. The law compelled me to refund the whole, and I had besides the expenses of the trial to discharge. It, therefore, turned out that you were alone the gainer, and that, by the reduction of a very considerable part of my private property."

"There is no denying it. I always thought it a most iniquitous verdict; but—

but—how could I help it? It was no fault of mine."

"You certainly could not prevent the law's decision: but *now* you can as certainly repair part of the injury done me: and I am much mistaken, if your heart does not already prompt you to the means."

This was a close, forcible appeal—it staggered Mr. S.

"I am then to understand that the purport of this call is—is — "

"To obtain from you, Sir, now that I am in want, a similar, if not, an equal, assistance to the one you received from me, when you were in circumstances far less straitened than I am at present."

"You are sensible, I take it, Sir, that no *legal* claim whatever, can compel me to——"

"Laws, my good Sir, were framed to bind knaves.—Honest men need them not. They have a code of their own, to which each willingly subscribes."

"Sir, I heartily agree with you in that respect. I flatter myself that, in the course of my extensive dealings, no one can justly tax me.—But, it somehow happens, that you have called at a time rather inconvenient.—It was but the other day, I had some difficulty in making up a sum for—(here he stopped)."

"For the payment of a debt."

"No, Sir—certainly not, (delivered in a displeasing tone, and rather in a purse-proud manner,")

"I crave your pardon, resumed Domville playfully, the sum was probably collected for the purchase of additional stock—or, perhaps, for the investment of money in a mortgage.

" Why, Sir, rather something to that effect," (in a more complaisant tone and returning the smile.)

After this short digression, the Assailant thought it advisable to return to the charge.

" Mr. Sandhurst, you perceive my drift and, as you truly observed, we now understand each other.—Ere I take my leave, be pleased to inform me what am I to expect from this call on you, upon a subject in which both your honor and honesty are implicated."

" Why Sir, I should be extremely sorry to let you depart with a mean opinion of me.—But, what would you have me do in this affair?—What do you expect from me?" (afraid lest his own suggestions should lead him too far."

"Sir, you are the best judge of your own circumstances. Our notions besides may not agree as to the more or less. Therefore, instead of prescribing to *you*, I will at once state what would satisfy *me*.—Out of the 2,000l. return me 500. I shall think myself fully repaid; because the lesser sum, in my present disposition and circumstances, would prove of more benefit than what I could have derived from the larger one, in the days of my affluence."

Mr. S. expected a more serious call on his honor and honesty: a certain pleasantness about the mouth and eyes indicated his release from that surmise. Yet, in order to enhancet he value of the concession, he did not forbear a sort of—not higgling, but *coquettish* parade.

"Five hundred pounds, Sir, is rather a

round sum.—A round sum indeed! To be sure (indulging in a pun, the conceit of which put him quite in a good humour). To be sure, it is soon *told*, though not so soon *counted*."

Our Hero had it on his lips to remark, that 500*l*. was by 200 less than the interest accruing from the principal; but, having made his demand, to which the other seemed willing to comply, and cheerfully too, he forbore adducing any observation tha had an insulting tendency: he therefore replied.

"The value of money, as every thing else, is considered by us all in a relative point of view. Many there are, by whom a five shilling piece would be hoarded up as a treasure: the majority of our countrymen have never been owners of five pounds at one time, they therefore would think

500 an immense sum, and I, possessed of so much, would now certainly believe myself in a state of affluence: whilst you, probably, would consider the addition of thousands, but with a reference to your larger store."

"Very true.—Wisely considered indeed!" (by no means displeased with the manner *his* conception of wealth was introduced.)

"Another reason, resumed Domville, prompts me to be moderate in my demand. *We are relations*, Mr. Sandhurst: and one relation should not bear too hard upon another."

"Nor shall we, cried Sandhurst, highly flattered with this acknowledgment of affinity by one, whom, he knew, was a son to a Peer of the Realm.—But, Sir, it is a rule with me never to hurry over money

transactions. *I will give it a thought.* Favor me with a call to-morrow, by three o'clock; we then shall see what can and what *ought* to be done."

Our Claimant then departed, ceremoniously, and yet with hearty good will, conducted to the outer gate by the Merchant; and as practice had made him an expert physiognomist, he boded every thing favorable from to-morrow's interview.

To-morrow came. He was of course punctual to the time, and Mr. S. at home. The latter, after the usual greetings, requested his attendance in his study.

" Sir, said the Merchant in a deliberate tone of voice and with much emphasis, I am now ready and most willing to pay you down the 500*l*. you claim of me. Here is the sum, Sir.—He then produced five bank bills, of 100*l*. each, which he spread

open and laid on the desk.—Now, Sir, before you take them up, be pleased to listen to what I have to say."

Domville was all attention.

"Yesterday, I told you I should give the subject a thought,—I have done so. In consequence, I have a proposal to submit to you.—From the hints dropt in our last conference respecting your present circumstances, I should infer that they are not now very prosperous.—Sir, am I correct?"

"They certainly are not so, in a pecuniary point of view."

"My wish is to render *permanent* the benefit you expect to derive from this sum. —In plain words, to make the most of the money.—This leads me to my proposal.— I am at present engaged in a very profitable concern; the *net* profits of last year

was something more than 25 per cent; and, as I have brought it to run into a steady channel, there is little fear of an immediate decrease.—Now, Sir, you have the option of either putting these bills into your pocket, or, of investing the amount (shall I call it your capital—Domville bowed) into this same concern; I, *insuring* you, so long as it is thus placed, 20 per cent; engaging further to account to you, annually, for any per centage that may accrue above that premium."

Domville immediately took up the notes, delivered them into Mr. Sandhurst's hands and, with expressions of sincere thanks, requested him to dispose of them as he shoul think fit. The latter flattered by the confidence reposed in him, and pleased with the ready manner in which it was evinced, deposited the five bills in

a particular division of his pocket-book, saying:

"These are your's; but (taking out another of equal value) I am considering that you may possibly be in want of an immediate supply.—Allow me, Sir, to beg your acceptance of this.—No offence, Mr. Domville. — *We are relations*, you know."

The mean, hypocritical, shew of reluctance did not disgrace Domville's act of accepting the pecuniary offer; he took it at once and felt additional thankfulness for the delicate manner in which it was tendered.

"Now, Sir, one word more, and then I flatter myself you will indulge us with your company to dinner.—You have been abroad, Mr. Domville."

"I have only been in France."

"The language of that country you can speak, I presume."

Domville bowed in the affirmative."

"Perhaps you also know Italian?"

I speak it but indifferently; I fancy, however, I could make myself understood."

"Now, Sir, on the strength of *our* relationship, allow me to ask, whether you have any profitable employment on hand or in view?"

"I have a trifling one on hand, and none whatever in expectation."

"Then, Sir, I presume, you would relinquish your present one should a more eligible be offered."

"I certainly should not hesitate."

"I will then disclose what further thoughts occurred to me on your subject. I have concerns to a large amount in

Marseilles, Leghorn, and Florence; they are chiefly debts, some of long standing. I am looking out for an intelligent person, conversant in the two languages, the soundness of whose principles I cannot distrust, in order to collect and remit to me what sums he can get paid. The allowance, generally made, is from twenty to thirty shillings *per diem*. I will make it up two pounds, if you are willing to undertake the collection"?

This was another advantageous proposal to our Hero, and the more suitable to his inclination, as Florence, one of the places of his intended destination, was the very city in which he, upon inquiry, had learned that his intimate Friend, Mr. Langley, now released from the cares of any diplomacy, was enjoying life in philosophical ease. He therefore, on every

account, readily and thankfully closed with the proposal.

"But then, Sir, now that you have accepted the office, you have still a further claim on me (and the pocket-book was again re-opened) the voyage is attended with some expense.—You are entitled to an outfit (presenting him with a 50*l.* bank note.)"

"Are all your agents, inquired Domville, smiling, entitled to a similar bonus?"

"No, Sir, not altogether so, (but you stand on vantage ground.—And, now, Sir, —pulling out his watch.—Dinner is this instant on the table. We are here punctual to a minute.—Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. S.

He then led the way to the dinning-room, where his guest only met the Lady and

her eldest daughter, just emancipated from the Boarding School, a fashionable and expensive establishment, within three hours ride from their country residence.

CHAPTER VII.

A PAYMENT.

THOUGH sumptuous was the fare, though both man and wife did their best to entertain their guest, though Miss Sandhurst was handed by him to her piano, though her execution, her singing and her mode of accompaniment were such as to draw forth his encomium, and though he felt as one just released from an oppressive

burden, he longed to be alone, in order to commune with himself, the better to appreciate the full value of his good fortune.

Shortly after tea, he rose to take leave. His entertainer, on conducting him to the outer gate, gave him to understand that it were advisable to make preparation for a speedy departure: a ship bound for Marseilles being on the point of sailing. He requested him to call to-morrow at his counting-house, where he would be furnished with every requisite instruction.

Pacing his way homewards, he felt the full extent of his altered circumstances, raised as he was on a sudden from the depth of poverty to a state of comparative affluence, which, with a common share of prudence, he would probably retain to the end of life.

He then recurred to the œconomy of

Mr. Sandhurst's management in the liquidation of his claim. It struck him that the sums, now disbursed, were exactly to the amount of the legal interest his original remittance to that gentleman would have borne.—As thus—

Seven Year's Interest for 2,000 - -	£700	By a former remittance - - - -	50
		Capital invested -	500
		In hand - - - -	150
			£700

Moreover, the Merchant engaging to make the 500l. in his possession produce 100 annually, it was, in other words, still paying interest for the original two thousand pounds. The surplus premium, expected from the investment, may

be considered as equivalent to the compound interest arising from the first seven years. This agreement, coupled with several hints that dropt from him over their wine, made it extremely probable that he had it in contemplation, not only to pay interest for the original sum, but intended, on some future period, to return the principal.

The Merchant might deem it improvident, in the first instance, to trust his new Agent with the disposal of so large a sum; as he still retained some suspicion, that his noble relative was readier in the delivery of wise apothegms than expert in the practice of them.—Perhaps, also, as the acquisition of wealth had been his invariable aim since he began the world, he might feel reluct-

ance in parting with so considerable a portion, and which he, in his conception, could lay out to greater advantage than in the power of Mr. Domville to effect.—Be it so. We should not quarrel with a man, because, in the act of obliging us, he confers an obligation on himself.

The result of the above transaction suggests one reflection. A considerable share of its fortunate issue must be ascribed to our Hero's *behaviour*, which behaviour he was enabled to assume from the consciousness of having, placed himself, by his application and œconomy in a state of independence. This gave to his address a tone of freedom and decision which brought him, notwithstanding his penury, to cope, upon equal terms, with the man of opulence.—Whatever might be the result of his application, *he could abide the worst.*—

The impression produced would have been far less favorable, had he made his approaches in the humble character of a *Suitor*—of one well aware that, should his claim be disallowed, the only alternative would be to beg or to starve. So true is La Rochefoucault's maxim.

On vaut dans ce monde ce que l'on VEUT *valoir.*

CHAPTER VIII.

A VOYAGE.

IT was a fine breezy morning, early in the spring, when Domville, in Mr. Sandhurst's carriage, rode with that Gentleman to Blackwall, where, both alighting, they were boated over to the ship, lying out at anchor with sails unfurling.

The merchant introduced his agent to the captain, recommending him in the

warmest terms, and desiring that every attention should be paid to his accommodation.

After a short conversation, they took an affectionate leave of each other, and Mr. S. was rowed back to his carriage.—Domville stood on deck, his eyes rivetted on him all the time he was in sight, and, from the difference of his present feelings, he could with difficulty believe that his employer was the same individual, of whom he formerly entertained so mean an opinion, owing to the *shabbiness* of his first remittance.

Without any accident, our Agent landed at Marseilles, succeeded in the recovery of considerable debts, remitted them without delay to the firm, in the manner prescribed.

Having concluded what business detained him in that city, he went on board the first ship ready to sail for Leghorn, and left

the French coast, now with reluctance, as the native country of Miss De Clermont; then more willingly, as he was approaching the city that contained his old friend, Mr. Langley.

That day and the following, the vessel made but little way. Domville soon found reason to be dissatisfied with both the master and his crew. The former was surly, abusive, an incessant swearer in the morning; familiar, drunk and foolish in the evening. The crew was a medley of French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese Mariners, the very dregs of the profession, all inveterate thieves and drunkards. Towards evening, confusion and riot pervaded the ship. The men, apparently without much premeditation, rose upon the master, and confined him, bound, in his cabin. The

principal of the mutineers then approaching our Englishman, assured him that they did not intend him any harm, provided he remained quiet; but, on the least shew of resistance, he swore that they would throw him over board. He inquired whither they intended to take the vessel.—In answer, he was rudely bidden to ask no questions, and to mind his own business.

Now that they had gained complete possession of the ship, the question was, who should command and who should obey; but, as every one was more desirous of assuming the former office than of submitting to the latter, the altercation terminated in sundry quarrels,—blows were exchanged and blood was shed, and on deck and below it was a complete Pandemonium. Upon one point, however, there

appeared a full agreement. They had yet sufficient sense to foresee that, in this state of anarchy, their newly acquired emancipation could not last long; resolving therefore to live a short life and a *merry one*, they, forcing their way to the stores, eat and devoured, quaffed and guzzled, till they sunk to such a state of bestial degradation, as no moral human being can have any conception of, unless he were to witness the abominable scene.

It is remarked of wretches, thus inebriated, that they often suspend their animosities against each other, and turn their savage dispositions against those who are uninfluenced by their example; as if the presence of sobriety was a reproach they could not bear. Domville became exposed to the assaults of several of those ruffians, who, with hideous and disgusting aspects,

uttering dreadful imprecations and armed with long bladed knives, staggered up to him; but too impotent to effect their murderous intent, they either stumbled and fell half way, or, if they came within reach, were easily overpowered and disarmed.

Yet the danger of his situation became more and more alarming. The wind blew hard, threatening a storm; the day was closing and no one then able to manage the vessel. Looking about him for means of escape, in case of sudden emergency, he spied the boat on one side the vessel; he flattered himself, that with the means of a lever, he could set it afloat. But it now occurred to him, that a better chance for his preservation was the rescuing of the master from detention; and not doubting that, with his co-operation, he could reduce the crew to subjection in their

present helpless state, he resolved, at all risks, on the attempt.

Provided with a pair of double-barreled pistols, he went down to the cabin. He tried the door, it was fastened, but not of sufficient strength to withstand his repeated attacks, and met with little obstruction from any one. On entering, he soon perceived that he could not derive any assistance from this man. They had secured one of his legs by means of a chain, but so ineffectually bound his arms, that he contrived to free them from confinement, This enabled him to unlock a drawer within his reach: then, in order to derive during his captivity all the consolation *he* had any conception of, he poured down his throat as much ardent spirits as brought him to the ground. There our Hero found him, lying at full

length, like a log, still chained by the leg, and in a state of absolute helplessness.

In the mean time, the ship was driven about at a furious rate: in what direction no one could tell, and very few able to heed.—All of a sudden, a dreadful crush was heard.—It was the signal of death to the crew. The ship's keel had struck upon some rock, the waters were gushing through the gap, and the hold was filling apace.

With a velocity instigated by a sense of the danger, Domville sprung upon deck. He recollected the boat, and by the time he got it ready to launch, the vessel had sunk so near the edge of the water, that on lowering it on the waves, he easily prevented its upseting. But in taking a hurried leap, he missed his aim and fell into the sea. Unable to cope

with the stormy element, and he but an indifferent swimmer, he gave himself up for lost: however, instinctively, throwing about his arms, as is ever the case in the act of drowning, the edge of the boat came within his gripe, to which he clung; and recovering from the astounding effect of his plunge, by a violent effort, succeeded in springing within its area. Scarely had it been driven without the vortex of the larger vessel, when this latter sunk, engulphed by the agitated waves.

Thus terminated the short and *merry* lives of the crew: and the only survivor drenched, shivering with cold, in a frail skiff, half filled with water, night rapidly coming on, and the storm unabating, had not a much more cheering prospect. Still all hope was not fled, he might be picked up —he might reach some shore—the storm

might abate—he might then weather the night. In the mean time, in order to lessen the sense of his perilous situation, and to keep up the circulation of his blood by action, at the same time, to improve his chance of escape, he busied himself with reducing the amount of water in the boat; to effect which, for want of a better implement, he was fain to make use of his hat. Long, arduous and unremitting was the labour.

CHAPTER IX.



THE HYPOCONDRIAC.

ON one of the southernmost points of France, not far from Antibes, on the shores of the Mediterranean, upon a rising ground in the centre of a wood, stands a French *Chateau* of moderate size; erected about the middle of the 17th century. The late Owner had displayed much taste in laying out the grounds and in tracing walks and

avenues through the plantation. His private worth, the steadiness of his principles both religious and political, together with the toleration he manifested towards those who maintained different tenets, had mainly secured his property from devastation, during the most furious effervesence of the French Revolution.

The singular character of the present Occupier produced the same effect from different causes; and no other injury was done to the estate, except what was committed through his own neglect. Trees, shrubs, every plant was suffered to grow wild and to decay, untrimmed, unpruned and unattended. The walks and garden were choked with weeds, and the buildings falling to ruins for want of repairs. His whole household consisted of himself and an aged woman, with the addition of

one domestic animal, in the shape of a large tabby cat. Even that creature would have been discarded, had not the housekeeper made an obstinate stand in its favor, protesting that if Puss must go, she would follow, and that he must turn them both out together, as she would not live in this gloomy solitude, deprived of every companion. His temporal concerns were managed by an attorney, his nearest akin, who naturally expected to inherit the estate. This professional gentleman, whether relying on that expectancy, as on a certainty, or whether influenced by honesty, abstractedly of any other consideration, proved no unfaithful steward.

The retired habits of Mr. D'Aumont, the peculiarity of his garb, struck with awe the country people round, kept them at a respectful distance and prevented him from

being annoyed with their intrusion. But, alas! while he was an object of dread to others, he more and more became a prey to all the terrors superstition can conjure life.

He was one of those characters that knew no moderation in the prevailing fervor of their then disposition.

As a younger brother, his parents brought him up for the Church: they had intended him for the more active and useful calling of the Priesthood: but he, in the ardor of youth, impressed with the belief that this middle course was only compounding with God and Satan, insisted upon taking the stricter vows of some religious order, and he brought his parents at length to assent. The revolution released him from his sacred engagements, and exchanged the monotony of monachal

seclusion for the activity, the incessant variety, of a worldly life. Pleased with the novelty of the scene and gradually silencing any compunctious visitings, he, smitten with the enticements of the Syren, became her votary, entered the army, fought in several engagements, got promoted; and, at the age of 55, having outlived every other child, upon his father's demise, succeeded to the estate, with a broken constitution, with a mind sobered by the satiety of worldly pleasures, and assailed by those reflections that are naturally suggested to the thoughtful, when verging towards the close of life.

Reflections such as these, led him back to a recollection of his younger days. The numerous passages out of the scriptures, the doctrines in his catechism, the precepts of his masters, the stern injunctions, the

awful warnings of his sanctified abbot, the expostulations of his parents, now struck upon his heart as so many voices from the grave; and his conscience awoke.

The infractions of the Monachal vows, that solemn pact, to which he had bound himself, and in which he had pledged his soul's salvation, that he would devote his whole earthly being to the service of his God, had not only been broken, but the acts of that being were glaring infractions of every ordinance enjoined. His punishment already was begun: A dissolute life had brought on a premature old age, and an early grave awaited him.

In the dread of a speedy dissolution, he hastened to endeavour his peace with Heaven, by those means he deemed most efficacious. The rigid observance of every regulation and penance ordained by the

canons of his order he once more enforced on himself; the monkish garb again resumed and never afterwards quitted. His desire for seclusion increased with the fervour of penitentiary zeal; yet, by a singular contradiction in his wishes, whilst he courted solitude, he dreaded being alone.

It was, however, not recorded of him that he had committed any other misdeeds than those sins, usually incident to the votaries of the world: and the weight of blood, except what was shed in *honorable* warfare, did not press upon his heart. But in his present gloomy and desponding disposition, every venial offence was magnified into a heinous crime, and the severity of macerations, increasing the mental horrors that haunted him, he fancied himself an object of God's reprobation and as such, doomed to eternal perdition.

He seldom, if ever, strayed beyond the precincts of his demesne; and, on the closing of the night, the wretched mourner sought the almost silencious society of his *Gouvernante.* Even that slight indulgence he would grudge himself, as a departure from the established rules of his convent: to his room he would compel his steps; and, when immured within its gloomy inclosure, the thoughts of death,—the dread of a hereafter rushed upon his soul with redoubled horrors.

However the prevalence of a calm, serene, starry, night, had a corresponding effect on him. The sublime spectacle of the Universe displayed, perhaps at that time, more apparently to the intellectual eye, the known operations of nature, regulated as they are, by general, immutable laws, must in some degree enlarge the

contraction, and dispel the gloom that too often affects the intellect of the contemplative, religious Solitary.

But, when dark, opake clouds invaded the sky, and the wind in hollow gusty blasts foretold the approaching storm, during this apparent disorganization of nature, the wretched penitent dreaded, lest the forceful hurricane, bursting through every obstruction, should evoke around him fiends the most hideous to hurl him to his final doom.

CHAPTER X.

AN APPARITION!

LATTERLY a young gentleman and his sister had become D'Aumont's neighbours. The estate on which they resided was of less extent and the house more modern: yet ample employment was required for the improvement of both, which they endeavoured to effect with all the means, activity, skill and taste at their disposal. They soon heard of all that was known concerning our Recluse, and of all

the marvellous that was added, in order to eke out the scantiness of real information. He was represented by turns as a conjuror, as a worker in miracles: as a devil and as a saint; and stories were not lacking to establish each qualification. But the new comers, having enough of their own concerns to fill up their time, paid little attention to such ridiculous tales. They, however, felt for the sufferer, and occasionally endeavoured to rectify the conceptions of the wonder-loving narrators, when they perceived some chance of removing the infatuation.

One evening, the young gentleman with his sister, in the prosecution of their walk, happened to trespass on the premises of their solitary neighbour, he, at that time, being the subject of their conversation. They heard, issuing from an ad-

joining thicket, a human voice in soul-harrowing accents, impassionately deprecating the *wrath* of the ALMIGHTY!—they hastened to the spot: but ere they reached it, the sounds had ceased, and they beheld the wretched penitent, arrayed in his monachal garb, on his knees, with clasped hands, held above his bending neck,—silent and motionless!

Whilst they were considering him in that act of supplication, he threw open his arms, clenched his hands, and shaking in every limb, cried out in a lamentable voice.

"There is no hope—no mercy in store for my wretched soul!—Ah! no peace in the grave—nor BEYOND!———"

Then, in an agony of despair, he abruptly rose—attempted a few steps—staggered

—and fell at full length on the ground in a swoon.

The two bye-standers hastened to him. They had raised and placed him against a tree, and were employing the means of restoring him to life, when the light of a lanthorn announced the approach of another person. It was the aged house-keeper, who, being alarmed on account of her master's long absence, came to seek him.

On perceiving two strangers busy about the sufferer, her fears at first suggested the idea that they were murdering him; but their appearance soon dispelled any such prepossession. The gentleman told her to stay with his sister, that he would soon return with a day labourer, whose dwelling was near at hand, and that he with his assistance would carry him to the house. When he returned with this man, D'Au-

mont was reviving, but delirious, and pushing from him his officious attendants.

The two men now deemed it expedient to secure his arms. whereupon he became furious, fancying himself beset by fiends: and on finding himself mastered, howled out so horribly, as if he already felt the dreadful tortures his distempered imaginations so vividly pourtrayed. Yet it was remarked that, at intervals, the soothing voice of the young Lady made some impression: it seemed to allay the fever of his mind. Her brother encouraged her to pour into his ear words of consolation, hopes of mercy, assurances of a benevolent —of a beneficent, Deity.

"No, no. Not for me! Never! never! never!" was all he did reply. Still he listened to the strains and became more tractable; and when her handkerchief

wiped away the big drops that bedewed his face, he did not avert his head. By the time they were in sight of the house, he requested to be released, alledging that he could now walk by himself: they complied, and followed him to the entrance. The Gouvernante opened the door for his admission.—Ere he entered, he, turning round, sternly said.

"What have I to do with strangers?—I know ye not.—Begone!—" Then in a softer tone."—Ah, Lady of goodness! or rather Angel!—Unavailing thy mission. Thou cans't not aught for me. Wing thy flight back to the abode of bliss. (pointing upwards, then inverting is finger) *This is mine!*"

And abruptly turning from them, he hurried into his dwelling.

The next day, his two benevolent neigh-

bours who could not but sympathize in his fate, paid him a visit, in hopes of alleviating the sense of his misery. The housekeeper, after some hesitation, admitted them, and they were shewn into a spacious room, gloomy from the depression of its roof, from the narrow dimensions of the windows, from the scantiness of furniture, and from an ancient tapestry that covered the walls. The subject wrought upon it represented the last judgment, delineating all the horrors that a fanatical mind, incessantly brooding over the appealing scene, could conceive.

The Patient was lying upon his pallet, on his back, much debilitated from the severity of the late struggles: his eyes were fixed, his lips were parched, his skin felt dry with other feverish symptoms. But he relaxed the sternness of his fea-

tures, when he beheld again the heavenly visitor, and heard the same voice, whose sweetness had suspended the tortures of his mind in their severest visitation. She had brought with her what she deemed requisite for one in his situation, and her winning ways induced him to swallow those cordials, to submit to that diet, to allow that attendance, indispensable for his recovery.

Their joint care partly effected that recovery. D'Aumont became, in consequence, so far socialized as to pay occasional short visits to his worthy neighbours, which they ever sought to encourage him to repeat and to prolong: they were, in return, freely admitted into the chateau. This reciprocity of civilities, the kind offices it suggested, certainly wrought an alteration for the better in the Recluse, both

in mind and in body, but the relief was only partial, the relapses, though less severe, were still frequent, and as usual more violent during the prevalence of stormy weather. His agitation rose in proportion to the fury of the tempest.

It was on an evening particularly stormy, when the young gentleman, who was now well acquainted with the causes that acted most forcibly on the mental imbecility of the recluse, said to his sister.

"This is a terrible, boisterous night, for our distempered neighbour. Suppose I call on him. Perhaps he may be induced to leave his gloomy home and to spend the night less miserably with us."

"Do so, Brother, and I, in the mean time, will get every thing ready for his reception."

The young gentleman took his staff and

departed, attended by his faithful spaniel. The mention of this dog reminds me of another favorable sympton of D'Aumont's recovery. Sultan had been of late much noticed and often stroked and patted by him; and he felt gratified when the animal, returning his notice, would now and then lick his hand. Even the old cat was a gainer from the alteration, being now encouraged to leap on his knees, on which it would repose, expressing its sense of the favor, in grateful well pleased, purrings.— The beneficial effects of friendly greetings are not restricted to the human species: Domestic animals are also gratified with such interchanges from their owners, and the *morals* of *both* are ameliorated.

"Ah, Sir, cried the Gouvernante, on admitting him, it is very kind of you,— my poor master!—Come in, Sir,—the

weather is terrible.—I never before heard him cry, pray, groan and howl so piteously.—Hark! do you hear him? Yet it is nothing to what has been.—I fear he will exhaust himself to death."—So saying, they made to his chamber.

On entering, the visitor appearing not to notice his agitation, gaily inquired after his health, adding, that he was bearer of an invitation from his sister to him, to supper this very night; that she would not be denied, and that she also insisted on his taking a bed in her house. Then, with a tone of authority, he bade the woman wrap him up warm, for the night was cold and stormy, and to prepare attending her master, for she was included in the invitation.

The Recluse heard this address seem-

ingly unmoved, and in a hollow, sepulchral voice:

"From this spot I must stir no more.—The fiends are abroad.—I beheld divers of the Dead emerge from their graves, and pointing to mine own, they flitted past me, flapping my face with their funeral vestments.—There!—There! see you that pit close to my feet, all bestrewed with bones and carnal fragments: it is not dug by human hands. This my earthly house.—Would to heaven it were my last!!—Wherefore array me in these gaudy trappings? I tell you the bridegroom's feast is gone by. Now tolls the bell for the burial of the Reprobate."

Still he was passive in their hands, and they contrived to induce him out of his gloomy abode. The storm had by this time considerably abated; he felt

relieved by the beverage they had made him take, and the open air had an effect equally exhilarating on him: he was also enlivened by the cheerfulness of his present companion, and by the prospect of a speedy visit to the angelical lady.

Yet his tremors would now and then return. "Surely this is most arrogant temerity.—'Tis disobeying God's commands. HE ordered me seclusion, and I am abroad.—HE enjoined me silence, and I am communing with sinful man. —HE prescribed penance and mortification, and I am in my way to feasts, to merry-makings, and to carouse in unhallowed dwellings. — O, there will come a retribution—a severe retribution for this.——There!—There! (with a piercing shriek) it is already come. Look! I hear him!—I see him!—He stands

erect upon the waters, moving onwards,—he beckons to me.—Now he vanishes, doubtless to re-appear in a more horrific form."

And in truth, the vision, for this time, was *real.* His companion heard and beheld also. The young man had chosen the sea-side as a more pleasant, if not a nearer way, for his intended guests, His attention had been suddenly attracted towards 'that element by the hallooing voice of a human being. By the light the two lanterns afforded, he beheld the object apparently moving upon the surface of the waves; who having made a signal and called out for assistance, sunk and disappeared!

The Gouvernante crossed herself; D'Aumont terrified at the sight of the apparition, would have hurried back the

way he came; but his companion grasped him too firmly, and in a tone of authority:

"Remain where you are.—The first duty of man is to relieve a fellow creature in distress. Your services may be wanted." Still the Recluse struggled to be released. "What—Would you leave me here by myself." He suddenly became passive in his hands. "'Tis well.—Some wretch in the act of drowning.—I must to his rescue.—You take this lantern and hold it aloft."

These words, deliberately delivered, had due effect on his companion. He stood motionless, and the other hastened to doff his upper garments, fearlessly dashed in the water, making strait to that point where he had seen the object disappear. It was a distance of about three hundred yards, more than two-thirds of which,

however, he could wade through; having got thus far, he stood a moment to examine and listen,—naught could he discern, but still fancied he heard the attempts of a person struggling amidst the billows. A hurried voice of distress then struck his ear. It was instantaneously suppressed, as if the rolling sea now covered the mouth that uttered it.

Our adventurer hesitated no longer, committing himself to the waves, he reached the spot, just in time to seize the man by his ankle, the only part then above water: for the wretch, exhausted, had yielded to his fate, and was sinking to rise no more. His preserver, then turning his face to the light he could still perceive, with the help of one arm only, swam till he found footing, himself by the continuance of most arduous exertions, nearly reduced to impotence.

In that state, he hallooed to his companion to hasten to his assistance. D'Aumont obeyed the summons: he sternly strode towards him with his garments on, and made his way through the waves, unheeding every inconvenience, every danger, as if he were impassible, unmoved even by the joyful exclamations of the successful adventurer, still panting, who cried out:—

"I have found him.—Here he is.—I hope we shall save him."

In the mean time, he succeeded in raising the person's head above water; and when his assistant joined him, he, with his help, got the body upon his shoulders: he then undertook to convey him to the shore, where the old woman, by herself, anxiously and tremblingly awaited their return. This he at length

effected, but not without much difficulty: the distance was considerable, the bottom very uneven, and heavy the burden.

As soon as they landed, the Gouvernante was made to kneel. On her knees with his head somewhat raised the stranger was placed. Whilst his Preserver was putting on his clothes, they consulted on the best manner of disposing of the drowned person. D'Aumont's habitation was yet by far the nearest point; though it did not furnish the best accommodations, still such could be conveyed thither, and the old lady offered the use of her bed, with an assurance, that it was provided with every requisite.

In consequence, our robust Philanthropist, once more took up his burden, and with the help of every assistance the other two could afford, proceeded to

the place they had started from, which, at length, he contrived to reach.

His charge was then immediately stripped of his apparel and laid within the warm blankets, and, under his directions, the usual means were resorted to for his recovery: D'Aumont performing his part with a willing readiness. Whilst this operation was going on, his neighbour left him, hastened to the nearest surgeon, attended him to the house, heard his prognostics, saw him busy about his patient, then returned home to release his sister from the alarm occasioned by his long absence. He shortly informed her of the cause, and made to his room for another dress.

She, in the mean time, collected and ordered to the chateau every thing requisite. They both awaited the servant's

return, who brought back a favourable report from the surgeon. They then sat down to supper, and, after spending a delightful hour by the fire side, on topics their hearts were never at a loss to suggest, betook themselves to their places of repose, intending to pay an early visit to the chateau next morning.

CHAPTER XI.

RECOGNITION.

WITHOUT waiting for their morning meal, notwithstanding the unfavourable appearance of the sky, they were preparing to set out when, the surgeon arrived. He informed them that his patient, who was a stranger and appeared a gentleman, was so far recovered as to be able to sit up and had taken some little sustenance. He,

however, advised them to postpone their visit, as he had left him in a sound slumber, from which he prognosticated favourable results.

They, in consequence, delayed their departure and invited him to sit down with them to breakfast, to which he assented. His entertainers judging from his having sat up all night, in anxious attendance on his patient, that he must be in want of rest, offered him the use of a bed; but he excused himself, alledging that he had several professional calls to make, which he could not well put off, and departed.

About noon, the weather clearing up, brother and sister proceed to D'Aumont's chateau. In compliance with her desire, they followed the track by the sea shore.

When they reached the spot upon which the stranger had been brought to land,

she inquired how far he had to carry him through the water. Being informed of the distance, with an assurance that he had only one third of the way to swim:

"And could you, said she with a countenance, wherein praises and reproaches were mingled, could you thus venture your life?—O Brother! had you perished, what would have become of me? (Pressing his hand in both her's.)

He was silent: he knew that a second reflection would do him ampler justice.

"Yes, she resumed, you did right."—But let's away, I dread the very place."

On arriving, they met the house-keeper, who with joyful alacrity told them that not only the gentleman was much recovered, but her master was getting quite another man.

"You shall see—you shall see.—Step softly, though he is now awake."

Without comprehending the whole of the intelligence, thus conveyed, they followed her to the patient's chamber.

The door opened in front of the fire place: on one side they beheld the Recluse intensely watching every motion of the stranger, who, placed in an old fashioned, high backed, arm chair, was so bolstered up with pillows that he could hardly turn his head. He was sipping some coffee out of a cup he held, and every drop he swallowed, his Host felt as a cordial to his own heart.

As the visitors remained at the entrance, fearful to disturb the patient, and much affected by the scene, D'Aumont perceived them. He arose and approached them.—In lieu of his wonted garments, still too much impregnated with sea water for wear, he had wrapped himself up in a blanket,

strapped round his loins—this his only covering, having, long before, discarded the use of linen. Thus arrayed, his tall emaciated figure appeared strikingly picturesque: bald was his head, sallow, and macerated his countenance, hairy his brown breast and shrunk limbs, and solemn his deportment: yet a smile of contentedness played about and illumined his otherwise rigid, gloomy features—Whilst stretching out an arm, he pointed to the stranger, and in a well pleased, subdued, voice:

Le voila! Le voila! Voyez. Il est ressucité!—Et moi aussi j'ai eu part á cette bonne œuvre.—(And drawing the Lady onwards.) *Approchez, approchez, Mademoiselle de Clermont. Votre presence contribuera aussi á son retablissement.*

The sound of that beloved name made the Stranger start.—He turned his sight at the moment she was beside his chair.—

They beheld—and instantly recognized each other!

The cup dropped from his hand; his eyes were for a moment rivetted with surprize on the lovely apparition, he could only say—*Louise!*—*My ever beloved!*— Ere they closed; and his enfeebled frame was overpowered by the tumultuous tide of joy rushing to his heart. He let fall his hands. —A sudden flush had reddened his cheeks. Again they became pallid; and his head sunk on the pillows, every limb motionless, his lips only still muttering to himself the beloved name.

Miss de Clermont did not faint. The sufferings she had borne had subjected her to self controul, and endued her with unusual fortitude. Still this sudden, unexpected meeting that, baffling every attempt at concealment, suggested by a

sense of female propriety, had thus brought him to her, and in a state so deplorable assailed her with sensations both pleasurable and afflicting,—She tremblingly grasped her brother's arm—

"Ah! Henry, 'tis he!—Take me away —I must no longer stay."

He pressed her to his heart and led her to the foot of the bed.

"Sit down, my Love. All may be for the best."

Then left her to attend Domville. The Gouvernante and her Master, astonished at the effect the meeting produced, could afford no assistance.—But Louise hastily wiping away the tears gushing in her eyes, was soon beside her brother, employed in the same office.

"Revive my Friend! my Preserver! said Henry, and placing a hand within

his, he felt a gentle pressure as if the appeal was understood and acknowledged.—Louise, in the mean time, was bathing his temples and ministering every reviving application; the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand more reviving still—and he unclosed his eyes.

The first object they met was his anxious beloved, intent on his recovery.

" If this be a dream; may I never wake !——"

His hand sought one of her's, then resting on his shoulder, he brought it to his lips and they remained long pressed upon it.

" Oh, Miss de Clermont !—May I hope——"

" She is your's, cried Henry warmly.—Look, Domville, look.—She dares not—cannot bely me."

Domville looked up—Her countenance expressive of feeling and inspiring the tenderest love was radiant with every encouraging smile, through her tears.—He, enraptured, held out his arms. She threw her's about his neck.—Sunk her face on his bosom—and—at that moment, the Surgeon entered! * * * * * *

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CHAPTER XII.

THE HONEY MOON.

HAVING now brought the Lovers together, the result is anticipated.—A wedding takes place, and our story would here conclude in the way usual with such productions: but that we are loth to quit the subject, presuming we have something more to tell, worth narrating.—Besides Henry de Solignac is yet unprovided for.

We flatter ourselves that our fair Readers are so far interested in his fate, as they would rise discontented from the perusal, were he suffered to live on a Bachelor, or even were they left in doubt as to his future destination. For their gratification and our own, we hereby devote a few more pages to the elucidation of divers, important matters, connected therewith.

The account Domville gave of himself, in addition to what the Reader is already apprised of, is soon told.—It shall be given in his own words.

"Amidst the horrors that surrounded me, knowing that the wind was blowing from the south, I still held some faint hopes of reaching the French coast. I had wrapped a white kerchief round my head, both as a substitute for my hat, then otherwise employed, and as a signal

that might attract notice. But night came on: as it prevented me from distinguishing objects, so I became undiscernible to others. The only remaining hope then rested in being able to keep the boat afloat; but for all my unceasing exertions, the water was gaining on me.—Still I toiled on.—I, at length became so exhausted, that my arms refused their office. Aware that in a very few seconds the boat must go down, I gave myself up for lost, stretched out my arms and looked up to heaven in despair."

"At that moment, I perceived lights moving at a moderate distance from me. I uttered shrieks of joy and of distress.—I could not repeat them: the boat, now brimful of water, sunk, and I was immersed in the turbulent billows. How you succeeded in rescuing me from a peril so

imminent, as I was then reft of knowledge, I can have no recollection.—All that I know is, that to you I am indebted for the preservation of my life, and to this dear bride of mine, for every sweet blessing that renders life delightful."

The stock of wealth Domville brought into the family, proved a very seasonable acquisition. Entertaining no wish and foreseeing no likelihood of a separation from his brother-in-law, his ready money was drawn from the bank into which he had placed it, ere he had ventured on his first voyage, and partly laid out in improvements upon the estate. In the execution of which, they all took an active part. The exercise proved to each a fund of health and of constant cheerfulness: and, by the privation of each other's society it enforced during the hours of

employment, the sweetness of their re-union was tenfold increased.

It was during one of those evenings, when rehearsing the former events of their lives, Domville said to his Bride :———

"My dearest Love,—how could you have been so cruel as to forsake me in the manner you did: flying from Paris to this remote place, in order to conceal yourself for ever from my search."

"I'll tell you all about it, said Solignac, laughing and rising.—Nay, Louise, stay, Don't run away again from him."

"Henry,—You have my free assent to impart all you know of me. A wife's every act should be known to her husband, whether it be done before or after marriage; but in modesty, I must not sit by and hear my own praises; chiefly

when a sister's case is pleaded by her partial brother; a Lover the only judge."

In this sportive mood she escaped from them, and Solignac resumed.

"The plain truth is, Louise loved you long before our departure.—First, for my sake, and afterwards, I suppose, for her own."

"Heavens!—Had I but known!"

"I, myself, knew nothing, till she told me all."

"If but the slightest encouragement had been held out to me,"

"Nay, Domville,—I believe, in those cases, etiquette or propriety requires the first declaration from the gentleman."

"Alas! a sense of delicacy restrained me.—My circumstances so precarious! Not a livre I could in reality call my own: your's appeared the very reverse.'

"Yet we could but suppose you had the command of wealth. The name you bear, your intimacy with the English Ambassador, your influence over the King of France, were so many strong presumptions in favor of that belief.— My sister did not deny herself the pleasure of your society, so long as we were kept in ignorance of our own affairs: the match did not then appear disproportionate; but my father's demise dispelled the illusion. Your silence and the supposed disparity of circumstances brought poor Louise to acknowledge that, as her Love had now no chance of requital, Prudence enjoined her to forbear the sight of the object: thus, I alone had the benefit of your subsequent visits."

"But never will be obliterated the impression she made on me, the day of

our departure. Early in the morning, she entered my chamber, whilst I was busy in preparations. She appeared before me, pale and distressed; her eyes unbedewed with tears; yet it was apparent that they had plentifully flowed; nor was the struggle within at an end: Love, though vanquished, still remained unsubdued. She attempted a sedateness, a self-command in her manner, but it soon became flurried and precipitate, her lips quivered as she spoke, and her voice was tremulous in its sound."

"Brother, said she, a passion like mine, is not to be subdued, unless the sufferer is fully convinced that the smallest hope of a return can no longer be entertained. Therefore, I beseech you, transcribe this paper (she hastily drew it from out of her bosom) Let it be the only parting farew

we bid our mutual friend.—And, pray, let me not be called before the post chaise, that is to convey us away, be ready to start."

"In an agony of grief, she turned from me, and withdrew.—I perused the paper, understood its full import, approved, admired, my noble-minded sister.—I hastened after her, caught the lovely, self-practising moralist in my arms, pressed her to my bosom, mingled my tears with her's, encouraged, applauded, extolled her, and assured her that, *at all events*, she could depend upon *one* lover. That assurance was then and is now the truth.——Upon my soul, Domville, you cannot love her more than I do."

Here the happy husband proudly smiled, conscious of superiority."

"Thou, Unbeliever! let thy vanity then hear the sequel. We brought her here.—

Her strength of mind, the rationality, the benevolent usefulness of her active pursuits, had so far effected a cure, that she could cheerfully perform every duty of her station, and your influence no longer disturbed her peace. But here you are, dropped, as it were, from the clouds, or rather risen out of the sea, and the case is become, I fear, incurable.—Now, that you know all, we'll to her and bring her back."

Mr. Domville had not omitted writing to Mr. Sandhurst, informing him of the shipwreck and imparting the cause of his present detention. He received a reply full of gratulations on his escape,—with respects to his lady and his best wishes for their mutual felicity, enclosing a remittance of twice the number of pounds

sterling that days had elapsed, since his departure from England.

The Recluse, (for we must not omit him) was become, as his Gouvernante had averred, quite another man. His share in the rescue of Domville from a watery grave had taught him his use in society.

The sacred impulse of humanity contributed more to his amendment, than even the charms of his Angelical *Monitrice* as he now emphatically called her. Swayed by her example, he busied himself in looking out for objects of distress: but with so much of his usual fervor, that it was endeavoured to restrict him in his largess and to guide his hand. This Mrs. Domville undertook. Her bland authority was acknowledged and obeyed.—She also insisted upon a more generous diet, and gave instructions to his house-

keeper accordingly, and they were complied with. In one of his visits, perceiving his good neighbours actively employed, himself alone idle.

"Can't I also do something? thought he. Sure my lands afford scope enough for labour." Fraught with this idea, he hastened home and took to his spade; but so eager to do much in a short time, that the old woman was compelled to help him into the house.

The family, on calling upon him the next day, were informed of the circumstance. The lady again interfered, and positively forbade any more than a very moderate number of yards to be dug in the course of one day; adding, that, as his garden and grounds required infinitely more labour than one person could bestow, he should employ the hands of those

who would benefit him and themselves by their hire, and that her brother and husband would call at times, to assist him in directing and superintending the men.

By such means, his estimation of life increased as it became valuable to others; he could enjoy company and bear seclusion. Superstitious horrors gradually faded from his mind: and, from which ever quarter of the sky came the hurricane, it now blew away unheeded by him, or only associated itself with the idea of the distress it inflicted on others.

Thus, happily for themselves and happily for their friends and dependants, the three members of the worthy family beheld the dawn and decline of each day. Yet, without any invidious distinction, Solignac, reduced to his present obscure situation, was the most praise-worthy. It

required no effort in the married couple to fulfil their destination. But his lofty mind, capable of planning and executing the most heroic achievements; he had brought down to objects of bare utility, of domestic, daily occurrences: and that soul, replete with Philanthropy, which had impelled him to venture his life, through every danger and hardship, for the amelioration of his native country, had contracted its wide sphere of action within the narrow precincts of family concerns, and was otherwise engrossed only with the petty concerns of an insignificant hamlet. Thus Apollo, driven from Olympus, socialized the roving shepherds. Many a fair Lady sighed for him. He laughed at sighs, deeming himself invulnerable.

"Well, but Monsieur de Clermont, inquired a female visitor, who had a daugh-

ter marriageable, when do you intend to take to a wife?—Surely Mr. Domville's felicity ought to afford you some encouragement to try the matrimonial state."

"I will, Madam," replied the light hearted, ungallant, "Bachelor, as soon as I meet with a partner, whom I can love as well as I do this sister of mine."

As he spoke, he kissed her affectionately and, bowing to the Lady, with the nimble stride of conscious, contented, independence, went out to prune his fruit trees.

Laugh on, thou short sighted Boaster! Thy Conqueror is at hand. To-morrow she will claim the enthralment of thy heart and,—at her feet, must thou tender its submission!

CHAPTER XIII.



LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

ABOUT the latter end of March, after a snowy night, the sun in the morning shone cloudless. The two gentlemen had selected a very indecorous employment, in order to fill up the interval from the period of their rising to that of breakfast.—

They stuck up a pole, midway, in the private walk that led from their house

to the public road: then, stationing themselves at the opposite extremities, they, provided with shovels, gave out the signal, and, with the eagerness of school-lads, bestirred themselves in clearing the track of snow, right and left. The contest being who should first gain the pole.

We are aware how scornfully will be derided by many a stately Reader a pasttime so boyish: they, forsooth, would deem it much more becoming the dignity of their manhood, in a similar circumstance, to mope by the fire side—yawn—stretch their limbs—open and fling by some book—pull out watches, wondering what detains the lady so long—ring the bell—inquire—rise from their seats—take a few strides up and down the apartment—stand with a vacant stare, gaping through the window

—find it cursedly cold—return shivering to the chimney corner: and, by the time the Lady and the meal appeared, become in a right cue for *pish* and *phsaw*, which humour would probably cling to them the greater part of the day.

Louise was watching through her chamber window her husband and brother thus employed; when the maid came up with a message, imparting that she had shewn into the breakfast-room a stranger, who had inquired after Mr. and Mrs. Domville. She in consequence went down, and beheld a person who, by both his appearance and address, claimed, in addition to her wonted courtesy, all the respectful regard, due to a *real*, English, Gentleman.

The Stranger introduced himself to the Lady as an ancient, intimate, acquaintanc

of Mr. Domville, adding that he was extremely desirous of seeing him, after so long a separation.

"I can assure you, Sir, that my husband will feel to the full as much pleasure in the meeting.—Mr. Langley, I presume."

The Gentleman bowed, surprised.

"How could you know me, Madam?—To my recollection, I never before had the happiness to see you."

"Oh, Sir, your name and character are familiar to us. Indeed, I can now vouch for the accuracy given of your person."

"And does he still remember his old Friend?"

"He often avers that could he but see him again, he would have nothing more to desire.—I will call him in.—"

"Stay, Madam, I beseech you one moment.—That person whose face is turned

from us, is, I take it, Mr. Domville. (For Langley had also been watching the arduous contest)."

"He is, Sir—the other is my Brother."

"For what purpose, I wonder, such hurried exertions?"—

I would tell, thought Louise, conscious of her self being the object. Solignac however, unravelled the Mystery: he, having first reached the pole, exclaimed with exultation.

Victoire! Victoire!

And coming up to his sister, who had thrown open the sash, cried out:

"*A present, Louise, tu peux aller au village sans mouiller tes pieds mignons. Prepare le dejeuner, car nous l'avons bien gagné—mais il faut aider ce pauvre vaincu.—Il est aux abois.*"

But *le pauvre vaincu* scorned the proffered assistance.

" This was his own portion; not a shovel full, he averred, would he allow to any one, on any account."

During their debate, the visitor with Louisa went out to them; as they approached the contenders, she took the lead.

" Mr. Langley, my dear!"

Domville rapidly turned round, breathless—stared a moment in joyous suspense—then flung by his shovel and rushed into his arms.

After the first effusion, Domville presented his brother-in-law to his friend. The introductory salutations over, they proceeded to the breakfast room; that meal, however, was again delayed in consequence of Mr. Langley happening to say:

" Madam—if it were not pressing too hard upon your hospitality, I have left at the

Inn the constant companion of all my travels, whom I feel very desirous of presenting to you.

"I will go directly, cried Domville, rising; and they both departed on that errand, leaving the brother and sister awaiting this addition of company; the new guest of course was the subject of their conversation.—The two friends shortly returned—Mr. Langley entered first, ushering in a young Lady, apparently not exceeding eighteen.

"Allow me, Madam, with a parent's fondness, to introduce to you my daughter, Emily."

There is an intuitive sense in women, more rapid in its effects and less erring in its results than any such we possess.—it is evinced by their instantaneous discovery of *real* worth, wherever it exists in

their sex. —The two Ladies understood and knew each other at the first glance. The father looked pleased at his fair entertainer, and proud of his daughter.—Domville renewed his felicitations, boasting of his having anticipated such *seeming* excellence, when she was only ten years of age. —But Solignac——

The apparition was such as if it had dropped from Heaven, in heavenly array. —The first English beauty this he had beheld since the days of his boyhood. And such a beauty!—Her blooming youth, the symmetry of her person—the clearness—the freshness of her complexion—her features —her every motion, denoting female amenity and benevolence—her charms timidly shrinking from the admirer's gaze, suggested not only to him, but to every beholder, the idea of a rose-bud, in the season

most propitious for its appearance.—Other beauties she had in reserve, but these were sufficient for a first impression.

His expressive features, his large black eyes, had now full employment in intimating the sensations of a heart, unused to dissemble. They spoke too plainly to escape even the inexperienced object of his nascent love. His Sister became alarmed; Domville inly laughed at the scoffer's fall; and Langley could not but feel additional pride in the potency of his Daughter's spell.

After breakfast, when the Ladies withdrew and Mr. Langley had returned to the Inn, in order to give some directions to his servants, De Clermont took Domville aside.—Thus began the impassionate youth, almost breathless.

"Ah, Domville! She is beautiful! All

loveliness!—Perfection realized! something besides so peculiarly fascinating in her *foreign* air and manner. Nay, don't banter me.—It were ungenerous: I cannot now retaliate.——But do you think there is any hope?—Her youth may secure me from a previous engagement of the heart, though it cannot avert numberless rivals: and her father I fear, is rich—very rich.—Indeed you told us as much.—Ah, my case is hopeless! He will naturally consider most valuable that which he is most in possession of."

"There Solignac you wrong him.—For your encouragement, I can tell you that, unless my friend is mainly altered, the prospect of an increase of wealth will not influence him in the disposal of his daughter. I conceive, moreover that, when your character is known to him, no

one will hold a more favourable plaoe in his good opinion.—As to the Lady's taste, that is out of my power to controul: be your's the endeavour to incline it in your favour."

When Miss Langley came down, dressed for dinner, Henry enraptured discovered new beauties which her travelling attire, however elegantly becoming, had concealed. This meal, as did the previous one, passed away, hardly touched by him. —He fed on her charms; it seemed as if he could live but in her sight; as if his whole being was blended in her's. When with his sister she arose from table, his eyes remained gazing on the door through which she disappeared, and her image reflected and settled on his heart. Unable to share in the conversation, he withdrew in solitude to retrace each feature, to re-

hearse each expression: to recall her every action.—The fruit trees were left unpruned. "Othello's occupation was gone."

Mr. Langley perceiving the affair becoming serious, proposed to Domville, as the sun shone inviting, a turn in the garden.

"Charles—this brother-in-law of your's is made of inflammable stuff."

"As his first passion, it rages the more violently."

That is so much in his favor. I should not accept the offer of a battered heart for my Emily."

"I perceived you watched him."

"Ay, with all the scrutiny a father in in my circumstances could employ."

"Well, Langley, what result have you obtained from that scrutiny."

"So far, that his manners and appearance are striking yet prepossessing,—highly prepossessing!—But, as these are too often deceitful, I expect from your friendship a faithful and impartial insight in this young man's character,—Your disclosure will decide my future conduct."

"A faithful account only I promise you, an impartial one it is not in my power to give.—To-morrow morning it shall be imparted to you, for I see the Ladies coming to join us.—Yet one word more.—How do you like his sister?"

"Thou coxcomb!—I own, nevertheless, she appears every thing the human heart can desire in a woman"

"Such as is the sister, so, with the difference of sex, the brother is."

"*Eh bien, nous verrons.* But your wife, Charles, is in reality what your foolish

imagination fancied in the lovely stranger of the Glen. Your adorable Julie, hey!—Mrs. Domville, I have a good story against this demure Gentleman here: It will be quite a treat. I keep it in reserve for this evening's entertainment.—It shall be then told to his confusion."

"Domville smiled, but replied not."

After tea, Mr. Langley thus entered upon the execution of his threat.

"Madam, said he gravely, it behoveth me to inform you that this *good* man of your's (for so in courtesy must we stil call him) although he professes to doat on you, and I really feel assured that you deserve a better man's best affections, has not, however, tendered at the shrine of your beauty a *virgin* heart.—You are not his *first* flame.—oh no—the gentleman was *tinderfied* by a previous fair *Incendiary*,

as a certain genuine document in my possession will shew,—relating to a romantic adventure worth your hearing.—Here it is.—I took it out of my travelling desk on purpose for this occasion.—Bring the lights nearer, Emily."

Whilst he was unfolding the precious document, Louise looked at her husband for an explanation: he winked silence to her and Henry; and Langley proceeded to impart the contents of the paper. It proved no other than a certain rapturous letter our Hero had transmitted to him, in consequence of his adventure in North Wales, which letter is preserved in the ninth chapter, first volume, of this very credible history.

During the perusal, both brother and sister perceived and enjoyed the misconception of the reader, as much as he anti-

cipated a triumph in the confusion of the romantic inditer. He was also confirmed in his expectations by the bursts of laughter and other tokens of applause the subject excited: his comments, on almost every paragraph, were not the least entertaining part.

"There, Madam, said he in conclusion,—this you must allow is a damning proof.—No fabrication of mine, I assure you.—See, it is attested by his own signature.—Now, Sir, what have you to plead in reply to this charge, or rather in mitigation of the offence?"

"Nothing, Sir; I suffer judgment to go by default"

"Then you are to abide the decision of the judge."

"I do, Sir."

"Well, then, Madam, ere you pass

sentence, consider how calculated this paper is to provoke the jealousy of a wife. His fair *Incognita* he yet holds, for aught I know, somewhere in *petto*.—What then is the desert of him, who would afflict even *you* with jealousy?"

"Sir, would you have me jealous of myself."

Here all but the Prosecutor winked and smiled at each other: for Louise, in a whisper, had let Miss Langley into the secret."

"What am I to understand."

"Why," said Domville, taking his wife by the hand and leading her to the accuser, "the two ladies, in your conception, distinct, are, in reality, one and the same."

"How, now!"

"*This* is my beloved Julie. — This is the lovely stranger of the Glen."

"The deuce she is!—Why, at that rate, M. De Clermont here must have been the heroical murderer of—a lifeless representation!'

"Precisely so."

"Incredible!"

"Yet nothing more true."

"I am amazed!—By what concatenation of events—"

"To morrow, as I promised you, every mystery shall be cleared up. In the meantime, Langley, judgement must be passed on you for this nefarious attempt of your's to sow dissention betwixt man and wife.—What is your sentence, my Dear?"

"I charge the culprit, said Louise, to prevail upon Miss Langley to indulge us with that affecting air, I so often heard in England: the first words, I believe, are —*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*"

"Come, Emily, my dear, you must atone for your father's sins. Many a hapless child has ere now smarted on that score."

The Lady was handed to the instrument —her voice gave due effect to the impressive, melodious, strain. Mr. and Mrs. Domville were all praises—Henry all raptures.—The love of Music detained them some time at the piano, Louisa occasionally relieving her guest, and the day concluded as it had began—in happiness. Our new Lover alone felt pain, but his delight, in return, was the greatest.— Before they separated for the night—

"Now, Langley, said Domville, that I have cleared up one mystery for you, unravel another to me.—How came you to find us out here?"

"Upon hearing of your brother's death,

I also learned the ungracious manner in which you were mentioned in his will. I wrote from Florence, directing several persons to get me your address: these sent out their underlings. One of them, by the direction of a scribe in some Solicitor's office, succeeded in tracing you to an obscure lodging in Wardour Street: thence to apartments in Ely place. The landlord of which, who informed the inquirer of of your departure for the Continent, advised him to apply for further information to a Merchant of the name of Sandhurst: he did so, and by his means he obtained, not only a knowledge of your residence; but also was made acquainted with your change of condition.—The information reached me as I was preparing to quit Italy for England. The only altera-

tion it effected in my plan was, to exchange a long sea voyage for a shorter trip; and this brought me to your happy home, where, as yet, I feel no cause of repentance for so doing."

CHAPTER XIV.

A REMEDY FOR A MIND DISEASED.

NEXT morning, the two friends took a distant walk, to be free from interruption. Then Domville gave a full account of every thing that had befallen him, together with the whole history of Solignac and his Sister; the extraordinary character of the former he placed in the most advantageous point of view, yet with strict

adherence to truth: he insisted upon the steadiness of his character, evinced by the voluntary obscuration in this solitude of one, intended by nature for the most brilliant parts in society.

Never did the influence of friendship inspire more eloquent strains; he had been less impressive even when pleading the young man's cause before the King of France. Langley heard him throughout with the utmost attention, and with hardly any interruption. In addition to he interest of the story he felt an interest that came still nearer home to him.

"Shall this young man be my daughter's husband or not?—"

"Charles you are, I find, an able special pleader and, what cannot be affirmed of every Gentleman of the long robe, have not, I believed, exceeded the contents of

of your brief.—Well— whenever Mousieur de Clermont chuses to consult you on this subject, you may tell him, from me, that if he feels a passion for Emily, he has my full permission to solicit her hand. Although I am free to confess, as the parliamentary phrase is, every other consideration upon equality, I should prefer one of my own country for a husband. But, as I object to my child changing her situation before her twentieth year, he has to undergo a courtship of about twelve months: and a fit ordeal this to try the steadiness of inclination in both. Now hear the plan I have laid down for us all. I shall stay with you to the expiration of the present week; when I expect your's and Mrs. D's, and her Brother's company to England.—Nay, start not—It must—it shall be done. By this arrangement there will

be no lack of opportunities for the young people to know and appreciate each other. —In the mean time, I shall not omit to propitiate my daughter with a relation of what you have imparted to me. Indeed, the assurance of the many great and admirable qualities his actions have proved him to possess, is adding the most powerful effect to any recommendation of mine. If he succeed in gaining her affections, may God bless the union. If he fail, I should be sorry—very sorry; but never will I force the inclination of my child in favour of any one.—Now to your Lady: inform her of our plans, our prospects, and of our intended journey; and in *this*, mind me, I will not be baulked—therefore not one word more—not even of assent, as quite superfluous."

Domville, fraught with this intelligence,

hastened to Louisa's apartment, where he found Henry with her.

She had heard his raptures delivered in the warmest effusions of the heart, and was endeavouring to regulate his passion by the impressive affection of sisterly advice, when the favourable tidings, brought by Domville, made the ecstatic Lover more rapturous than ever. Amidst their congratulations, Louise felt regret to quit, even for a temporary absence, this spot, so dear to her on every account.

" But, said she good naturedly, we must not grudge a little inconvenience, when a brother's suit is to be thus promoted."

Henry caught her in his arms, called her the most amiable, the most indulgent, of sisters; then hastened to Mr. Langley, to whom, with all the ardor of youth and of his own character, he poured out in

rapturous strains the most grateful acknowledgements.

But when, with a father's permission, he ventured to appear in the presence of the Sovereign of his heart—when he sought to tender her for acceptance the homage of the purest—most fervent love:—his lofty, buoyant spirit forsook him, and the consciousness of his own worth sunk before her fancied perfection.——Is this the same youthful Hero, who dared the conqueror's frown—a criminal's death—the raging billows? Behold! the undaunted assertor of Man's independance, reduced to the voluntary slave of a Girl's caprice; and, prostrate in trembling expectation, await from her lips the fiat of his destiny!——Thus, and History warrants the remark, Love delights to raise its most splendid trophies upon the subjection of the most exalted characters.

It is but natural, however, to surmise, that her father's approval, his sister's influence, the acknowledged merits of her admirer, and—the inclination of her own heart, obtained, in due time, her assent to an union, for which she was fully repaid by the *permanent* affection of an attentive, grateful husband.

The day before their departure, Louise who, however, engaged in her own concerns, omitted not any attention that could encrease the felicity or mitigate the misery of others, found an hour to call on the Recluse.

He had of late forborn his visits, scared away by the *grand folks*, as he called Domville's present guests. She found him, his spirits depressed in consequence of the privation; yet her presence had the effect of a sun-beam on his heart: but he sunk

again in dejection, when informed of her intended journey.

"My good Sir, (said Louise with the bland, insinuating tone and manner, that seldom failed to obtain the effect she wished to produce) grieve not at a temporary separation, when it is fully in your power, not only to obtain an adequate compensation, but to render that compensation permanent."

"Ah, Madam! where, in this world, can I find a substitute for even one of those visits your goodness has blessed me with?"

She then in a more serious manner.

"Mr. D'Aumont—You have a nephew —he has a wife and children—they, by all accounts, merit a parent's regard. Be you that parent; cheerfully admit them as the inmates of your house. As their benefac-

ter, you will find in their affection, in their society and attentions that solace, those comforts, the friendship of strangers cannot adequately replace.—Believe me, Sir, where no dereliction of moral principles exists, our natural friends ought to be preferred to any other."

He eagerly caught at the suggestion and promised immediate compliance.

"Adieu, Mr. D'Aumont, the purpose of my visit is answered. Continue to indulge in society and in moderate exercise: these promote cheerful thoughts, and gradually discard every gloomy anticipation."—

Then, gently placing her hand on his arm, with other tokens of a friendly interest in his welfare, in order to mitagite, by mildness of expression, the severity of the implied reproach.—"My good friend—*De-*

serve to live: and you will be less frightened at the thoughts of death.

As they parted, his aged eyes were filled with tears. He ventured to press to his lips the hand that was held out to him; and continued motionless on the spot, watching her every step, even when she was no longer in sight.

On the same day, Mr. Langley took Domville apart.

"Now, Charles, one favour more I have to obtain from you; then you will no longer be plagued with any petition of mine.—You are poor.—Nay—no romantic flights—I say that you are poor. I, as the French term it, *regorge de richesses.* In addition to a very competent patrimony, legacies and other wind-falls have poured in upon me from all quarters. Indeed it is quite a persecution. You must relieve

me of some of the inconvenience; yet I will be merciful: you shall not be compelled to accept as much as I wish to give: but you cannot, nor shall you, refuse of your intimate friend ten times the sum you presented to a mere stranger, Mr. Sandhurst.—On our arrival in England, you will find that sum lodged in Coutts' bank in your name.—And, now, if you please, we will return to the Ladies.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SCRAPE.

THE travelling party agreed to spend one week in Paris, in order to rest themselves from the fatigues of the journey. Mr. Langley and Daughter put up at an hotel in that city; but Domville would again become Renaud's lodger, whom he agreeably surprised by his arrival, and from whom he learnt that Madame D'Estelle

was still alive and cheerful, and that Mrs. Tourville had brought her husband a son, whom they had christened with the name of Charles Nayland, the old lady standing sponsor.

Our Hero wrote a letter to the Countess D'Estelle, inclosing one for Tourville, in which he informed them of his happy change and condition, and desired them to assure Monsieur le Cure of his respectful regard. This intelligence he by no means intended as a display of his felicity: but that he knew how gratifying to the feelings are those marks of attention, arising from a remembrance grounded in esteem.

One evening, the party collected in Mr. Langley's apartment, preferred the enjoyment of each other's society, to whatever public or private amusements the gay Metropolis of France held out for their

selection. During a pause in the conversation, Domville could not but notice sundry whispers, winks and smiles of encouragement interchanged around him: each chair was drawing closer to his, and every one seemed prepared to hear some mighty disclosure; yet a little shyness was perceptible, as fearing that a request of the magnitude of that which they were about to solicit, might not be granted. At length, Louise undertaking the negotiation, arose, and leaning over him from behind, said :——

"My Dear, Miss Langley has a favour to ask of you."

"And is Miss Langley, said the shrewd gentleman, without altering his position, so very unfashionable, as to suppose that the most efficacious intercessor, in any momentous affair, is a man's wife? As I

only deal with Principals, such a mediation is inadmissible."

"Nay but."

"Nay, my Dear, since the lady condescends to become my suitor, let her not appear by proxy, but state her petition in person. I am willing to hear and more than half inclined to grant."

"Right, Charles, cried her father, draw the sly jade out. Her continental travels have not yet divested her of that diffidence, so characteristic of British timidity, under the French appellation of *mauvaise honte*. Come, Girl, stand up: urge your suit and our own with what eloquent persuasion you have at your tongue's end. A woman's curiosity is ever an over match for a man's reserve."

Thus called upon, the young lady timidly arose, and endeavouring to sup-

press that diffidence, the existence of which was proved by blushes, which in her lover's eye, at least, made her appear the more lovely, requested to hear the particulars of that SCRAPE the King of France had several times alluded to, in his conference with Mr. Domville.

At the mention of that ominous word, our Hero drew up, affected an air of gravity, thoughtfulness and reserve; then looked about him with well counterfeited embarrassment, as if willing, yet afraid to attempt the narration.

"That *Scrape.*—Ah, Miss Langley!—I fear the disclosure will bring me into one. Little are you aware of the danger. It is, for aught I know, a state secret;—these walls may have ears. — However, as there would be no merit in the grant, unless some sacrifice attended the act,

I will venture.— Listen then, all ye, to the history of this momentous Scrape, in which *Royal* Personages were involved, and out of which your humble servant was their *Extricator*."

"The Adventure happened many years since, by the token that I was a very young man, more rash than prudent, more ready to execute than disposed to calculate the probable result. On my way to a visit to Lord A.———at his seat in Staffordshire, in the company of that droll personage you well know, Langley,—Sir Henry Offham."—

"Ay, that I do.—Poor Sir Harry! there is an end now of all his pranks."

"What is the Baronet dead?"

"No,—not absolutely dead,—the body liveth,—but the spirit hath expired."

"How is that?"

"One tale at a time. Finish yours first,— I will then attempt mine."

"Well then.—Midway between Warwick and Stratford, we were informed by the turnpike man that the King of France, so at least he was told, had but lately rode in his carriage through a lane he pointed to us, leading to the village of Snitterfield, where the wake was then holding. This information appeared to us the more credible, as we knew that he was then travelling in these parts, under the name of the *Comte de Lille.* We in consequence agreed to ride after the exiled Monarch, curious to behold him in the situation of a spectator, and conceiving that he and his party would strangely contrast with the native partakers of an English wake.

"A ride of hardly two miles brought

us to the chief inn or public house of the place, where we recognized the Count's carriage in waiting, but deserted by the Royal Owner, who with his kinsman and a French nobleman of high rank, had hastened to the scene of action.

"We dismounted, and directed our steps to a spot on which we could discover a numerous group collected: Indeed the whole wake seemed to have centered there. Ere we reached the assemblage, from the loud, angry, voices, both male and female, and the busy motion of the multitude, we readily conjectured that some altercation, scuffle or more regular fight was the chief sport then going on.—it proved indeed a curious scene.——

"In the center of the angry mob, we beheld the good Monarch, conspicuous for his corpulency and foreign appearance,

seconded by the endeavours of the noblemen, both extremely busy, — expostulating with one, threatening another, appealing to a third, and unintelligible to all. Opposite stood, secured by the strong grasp of some lusty fellows, a personage of no less consequence than a *Prince of the Blood;* whilst a man, bleeding copiously from a wound in his thigh, fronted his Royal Highness. This fellow, in the coarsest, vulgar language, and at times pushing an enormous blacksmith's fist close to his defenceless face, vociferated threats of immediate retaliation. His wrath was kept from subsiding by the more shrill and voluble denunciations of a red-cloaked elderly woman, his mother. She poured on the hapless Prince such torrents of abusive epithets, as brought to his recollection the vituperative elo-

quence of the *Poissardes* in his own country; whilst the sister, on her knees (the fair cause she of the affray,) and assisted by other maidens, was endeavouring by dint of bandages to staunch the further effusion of blood. This being in some measure effected, the party was moving off with their prisoner,—and the King became more agitated than ever.

"From what we heard on all sides, we easily gathered the cause of this mighty bustle.

"His Majesty good-naturedly yielding to a wish expressed by the Duc de B——, to witness the festivity of an English wake, was brought from Stratford to this unlucky spot in their way to Warwick. The Comte de Lille was dressed *en Bourgeois*, his two companions wore plain regimentals. After sauntering in various

directions. A country Lass caught the eye of the Prince, and his heart was not proof against her charms. The fair rustic, happening to step aside in order to recompose her dress, somewhat disorganized by the excitation of the dance, her new Lover seized the moment he thought favourable for his purpose, caught her in his arms, and with all the impetuosity of a Prince, unused to denials, imprinted on her lips and neck the most fervent kisses. She screamed out, alarmed by the violence and more perhaps by the foreign appearance of the Assailant, and struggled hard, but in vain, to get free. Her Brother, who happened to be within ear-shot, beheld her distress, and hastened to her rescue, which he effected by violently pushing the stranger away, and concluded the operation with a heavy blow.

The stain from this insult, the Duke, in the true spirit of French Chivalry, thought that blood alone could wash away. He drew his sword and advanced to the attack, flourishing the dazzling blade about the face of his antagonist, who, frightened at the sight of so unusual a weapon, turned about and took to his heels, not however without receiving in his flight a wound, purposely inflicted on a place not likely to prove dangerous. The crowd now collected and hurried to the spot, the offender was secured, in order to be brought before a magistrate; the young man and his friends venting their rage with all their might of lungs; and the good king, dreading the eclat of an *esclandre* in which his nephew would so ignominiously figure as the principal actor, and which would inevitably be

blazed all over Europe, to the detriment of the Royal cause, was endeavouring with his coadjutor to have the affair hushed up on the spot.

"In this emergency, I caught the eye of the king; and stepping up, entreated him, in French, to withdraw with me from the throng, and I would endeavour the liberation of his Royal Highness. He complied, attended also by the Baronet, to whom I had shortly imparted the only means I thought likely to effect the purpose.—Having hastily exchanged a few words with his Majesty, I left him and stood in the way of the crowd, who, dragging their prisoner along, were upon the march.

"My Friends, said I, in order to win their compliance, you are acting perfectly right:—take the culprit before a magis-

trate, the law must have its course, unless no other adequate means of redress can be obtained. I have only to request that you wait a very few moments, whilst I hold a parley with this man's friends.—You may easily perceive that he is a stranger.—His ignorance of the customs our country, is the only excuse for so scandalous an outrage."

"With some difficulty I obtained the promise of a short delay, and then imparted to the *Comte de Lille* my plan of rescue, for the furtherance of which, I besought him and the nobleman, whose sword I borrowed, to return to the inn, ride on to Warwick upon our horses, and allow the Baronet, who had his cue, to attend them to the house and return immediately here in their carriage. He

agreed with some hesitation to the proposal, and they departed.

"Whilst this was going on, I returned to the mob, and informed them in a conciliatory tone, that I was commissioned to offer pecuniary compensation for the offence committed. — My speech was here cut short by loud cries of dissent. Two causes may be ascribed for the present failure of this almost infallible nostrum. They might not be aware of the amount of the sum that would be tendered,—and the liberal potations they had swallowed might, for the time being, lift them above the paltry consideration of base lucre. The enraged mother, moreover, facing me, her arms akimbo, and with the features, voice and manner of a fury, uttering a tremendous oath, swore she would have blood for blood.—

Ay, and that she would,—which appaling averment was echoed by all around.

Finding myself thus reduced to my *ultima ratio*, I determined on trying its efficacy.

"You are right, my good woman, I cried, and blood you shall have: I applaud your spirit in rejecting the mean bribe of money; I will take your part and see you righted, and if no better redress can be had, I will fight for you. The crime shall be punished in the same manner as it has been committed, (fiercely lifting up the sword I held.)—You, my friends, hold the culprit fast, whilst I speak to him in his own language."

This strange address excited both their curiosity and surprise, whilst they stood staring in stupid indecision, I fronted the prisoner, and with violent, threat-

ning gesticulations, in order to deceive the hearers, explained to him my plan for his liberation, and the part he was to act in co-operation. When I found that he understood me, I, with a thoughtful and disappointed air, turned to the ringleaders.

"My good friends, I now perceive that from the law we shall with difficulty obtain the redress we require, because it appears that this foreigner received the first blow.—With me the shortest way is always the best. He is proud of his skill in the sword, I have challenged him to fight me with that weapon: he accepts the challenge. Now you have only to form a circle round us to prevent escape: let him come on; I will soon prove that an Englishman is a match for any Frenchman, even at his own weapon.—My honest fellow, said I, turning to the wounded man, allow

me to present you with these few pound notes. The chances of battle are uncertain; therefore accept this as some indemnification. Then, doffing my upper garments and drawing the sharp-pointed blade, I cried out: let him face me, if he dare.— A clear stage and fair play.

His guards now convinced by the administration of cash, to which they easily became reconciled, that no deceit was intended, naturally curious to behold so novel an exhibition as a fight with swords, of which they had heard much but never beheld a specimen, released my opponent from his confinement, who with a fierce aspect and determined step advanced, and having likewise stripped, also *mit flamberge au vent.* —But ere we set to in seeming good earnest, the ceremony of selecting seconds, measuring swords and other

mummery was performed, in order to gain time. At length with deadly intent our weapons crossed, just as we heard the welcome sound of the carriage wheels, rolling towards us.

Now began the hacking of steel, — the advance,—the retreat,—the oh's and the ah's,—it was tierce and quart,—thrust and parry, as fiercely dealt and with as sanguinary a result, as though it had been a theatrical display; whilst the spectators in pleasing terror expected nothing less than to behold, at each moment, the bloody points of our swords appearing through each other's sides.

In the midst of our passes and feints, the carriage drew up, and out pops Sir Harry Offham;—but in such a garb, as I had some difficulty to recognise him.—Instead of his own he wore, with the coach-

man's bob wig, his enormous gold laced cocked hat, and on his lengthy face had traced, with burnt cork, a pair of broad whiskers of the most terrible sable hue. Thus disfigured, he, with a couple of attendants, forced his way into the ring, and provided with the footman's cane, beat down our deadful weapons, crying out in a loud, deep, commanding voice.

"In the King's name, I order you to desist—you are both my prisoners.—No resistance.—Quick, Fellows, seize them.—Come—force them into the Carriage.—Clear the way there.—Postilion drive on."

In this very expeditious and summary manner, as if by leger-demain trick, were we *smuggled* away before the mob, recovered from their surprise, had any thoughts of resistance. They, however, soon roused themselves to action, and posted after us

with loud vociferations, hooting and calling —I can't say miscalling—us a set of *strolling showmen.*—Strollers we certainly were; and we also *showed off* to some purpose. We were thus pursued to a considerable distance; even some of the fleetest overtook the vehicle; but they were too few in number to afford any effectual obstruction. Indeed, the bare production of that weapon, whose point had to their knowledge, done such tremendous execution, was sufficient to keep them at bay. At length they desisted, returned to the main body, and we were suffered to proceed without further molestation. I and the Duke laughed immoderately at the result of this adventure; whilst the grotesque figure of the droll Baronet, who preserved an inflexible grim gravity, did by no means tend to allay our merriment.

Within a short distance from Warwick, we overtook the Comte de Lille, mournfully jogging on at a slow pace. His joy at meeting us all safe from this *escapade* was excessive. The success of the stratagem and the manner in which it was effected, kept him in high glee the whole of the evening. He vehemently declared, that it was the most ingenious device ever attempted.—The next morning, as we took leave———

" Mr. Domville, said the Monarch in a most affectionate manner, if ever I am seated on the throne of my Ancestors, come to my Court—afford me a chance of repaying this obligation, whatever favour you ask, I shall feel pleasure in granting."

There, Louise.—Admire the wonder-

ful concatenation of events. To the successful issue of this ridiculous pantomime, performed in a remote English village, you were indebted, in Paris, for your brother's life, who in consequence was enabled to save my own from the waves of the Mediteranean; and thus you here enjoy the supreme felicity of having the *Pantomimist* for a husband."

This gay remark, intended to create a smile, made her shudder. It recalled to her mind the dreadful situation in which the family had been placed, without hardly any hopes of a fortunate issue: and the peril even more imminent that assailed the man, who, through an almost miraculous preservation, was become the partner of her heart and fortunes.

I forgot to add, resumed the Narrator,

that we were enjoined secrecy. The Baronet, for aught I know, has been faithful to his trust; so have I till the present moment. But who can condemn me for the infraction—Miss Langley the cause!—Now, good Sir, for the obituary of Sir Harry Offham's spirit."

Thus challenged, Mr. Domville's present Guest, in requital, began and concluded his promised narration, as recorded in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

MATRIMONIAL CONVERSION

THE Baronet's extravagant expenditure reduced him at last to this pass—either to submit to the silken thraldom of matrimony, or to the mural restraint of the *King's Bench*. The fair Jailor, into whose custody he must, in the first case, surrender his person, was not much calculated to expedite his resolve in her favour, his broken

fortunes denying him the means of selection. Indeed such is the Lady's masculine appearance that, were she clothed in costume appropriate and holding the key of office, she might well pass for a stout Janitor of the aforesaid fortress. Her height nearly reaches six feet, with brawny limbs proportionate to her size; moreover, the shorter dimensions of one leg adds by its waddling a peculiar gracefulness to her carriage. Dissimilar also are her optics: One eye views objects in a strait direction, whilst the other takes them in so obliquely as to denote, at the first glance, its squinting aptitude. Her pretensions to manhood are also established by the coarse, large features of her face, and are further corroborated by the growth of a manly beard, which, like her hair, is not of the most silky flexibility."

Here the Ladies, whose merriment had been excited by this portraiture, now exclaimed their disbelief; but the Narrator having re-asserted the fact, proceeded.

"The mind and manners of this delectable creature are in harmony with her physical qualifications. She moreover enjoys the beatitude of ranking herself amongst the *very* elect, or as they call themselves, the *select*, from out of the sect of those religious sectarians, who hold tenets, they, exclusively to any other, call *Evangelical*; which tenets she carries even to *puritanism*, a name of distinction she is anxious to revive.—Only one desideratum could, in Sir Harry's estimation, counterbalance the heavy drawbacks in this account, and this desideratum she possessed. She still retained, rather increased than impaired, the valuable patrimony which had purchased

a former husband, who had left her a childless widow.

The matrimonial negociation entered into, between the two high contracting parties, proved disgraceful to both. Sir Harry and his legal adviser stipulated for the disposal of the lady's property, in exchange for the transfer of his *affections*, and the participation in his title. The Lady and her legal adviser insisted that the monies requisite for the release of the gentleman from his creditors, was an adequate price for the purchase of *both* his affection and title. Thus matters stood vibrating off and on for a considerable time. But, as the Widow could afford to wait and the Bachelor could not, he was at length compelled to surrender on her own terms. Yet it must be acknowledged that he made a most gallant resistance, holding

out to the very last; he being then, as to personal independance, at his last gasp: for his signature of the marriage contract could, with truth, have been dated from a *spunging house.*

The all subduing Bride, whose Christian humility did not prevent her vanity from being tickled with the appellation of *my Lady* and your *Ladyship*, having made the Baronet her conquest, was intent on shewing the world that he was actually such; and our Benedict found, to his bale, that she wore a beard to some purpose.

The first and indeed only struggle for mastery was, who should hold the purse. Long, and loud, and many, were the contentions; but victory constantly perched on the lady's coif. That possession she previously held, she could not be induced,

on any terms, to relinquish. The Baronet, baffled, at length gave up the cause in despair, sunk into submission and was content to accept as a favour, the doles of her bounty, dealt out with a sparing hand.

His wonted sports, his freaks and pranks were at an end. To her conventicle and other spiritual meetings was the hapless, hen-pecked, husband forced in her train. Nature had already given his dark, long, sallow visage a cut sufficiently methodistical ; but its saucy leer and the comical mobility of its features were now forbidden, and the goggling of his large black eyes was suppressed: they now remained fixed in seeming ghostly contemplation, or were only allowed to wander over the perusal of some mystical treatise. In lieu of drollery, fun and loud prophane laughing, he was indulged in the conversation

of the saints, and moreover favoured with hearing in private, with the fortunate few, the perusal of sundry homelies, ere he had the additional satisfaction of attending their public delivery from the pulpit; and, for increase of delectation, he knew that some of these homelies were the product of his dear Rib's excogitations, being invariably gratified with summons of attendance in her study, ere the ink that traced their characters was completely dry. For, she, having much at heart the welfare of his soul, would have deemed it a capital sin, were she to miss the earliest opportunity of affording it the benefit of her ghostly exhortations; these being naturally more impressively enforced, while the fair inditer was yet warm from the composition. To tell the truth, the Lady prided herself not a little on her scriptu-

al acquisitions, and had taken the above efficacious methods to establish the solidity of her pretensions.

As to dice, or even cards, the bare mention of such unhallowed games would raise the very devil in his Lady: and, when once *thus* raised, he was not so easily laid.

To all such penances the Baronet was in the main, fain to submit. If he dared to rebel against her authority, his weekly allowance was either reduced or wholly escheated, according to the nature or pertinacity of his disobedience. For minor offences, his love of good living was mortified with cold short commons, and every ease and comfort abridged or wholly banished, by means of those petty but numerous plagues, a wife has always in her power to inflict.

Strange to tell! yet all such arbitrary vexations still operated in favour of the Lady's supremacy. But from what follows, I cannot but suspect that the Baronet is playing a game of his own; and you know, Domville, that though playful, he is designing. Perhaps his acumen has at length enabled him to find out the right key to her heart, which alone could turn the lock of her bureau. He now appears not only a convert to her methodistical tenets, but is become a most active agent in their propagation, as thus——

The Lady, elate with the success of her former theological rhapsodies, has taken a bolder flight. Very many literal passages from out of the Scriptures, she contends, have been lamentably perverted from their spiritual sense: the true meaning of which it has been *her* peculiar felicity to elicit.

This conceit has flattered her ambition with the hopes of becoming the head of a new sect. The first convert our *Saintess* made to this further refinement of mysticism is her husband; and the worthy couple have in consequence entered into a fresh partnership: he has enrolled himself amongst the preachers of her coventicle. Thus qualified, the dogmas furnished by Lady Offham, are thundered forth from the pulpit by the stentorian voice of Sir Harry."

Here Domville, seized with a loud fit of laughter, cried out."

"What! Sir Harry turned Methodist, and Preacher to boot! Incredible Metamorphosis!—Well—of all the many farces the Baronet has acted, his exhibition in the pulpit must surely be the most farcical.—But, how has all his foolery ended?"

"Oh, most gloriously! The fame acquired by our new Preacher's eloquence has awakened both the religious scruples and the mundane jealousy of his brethren. Against such innovation the quondam Innovators made a resolute stand; and his passage to the pulpit became barred by an impenetrable phalanx of their bodies. A schism the consequence. This puny sect, the offspring of a larger aggregation, from which it had succeeded, underwent a further reduction by the withdrawing of Sir Harry, his Lady and a few adherents. These, far from being depressed by the paucity of their number, had much occasion to rejoice; from the consideration that the fewer the real elect, the larger must be the portion of each, in the kingdom to come. Moreover, her Ladyship, to indulge her own propensity and to spite her stubborn

opponents, has given orders for the erection of a new chapel, to be built at her own ex pense, under Sir Harry's superintendance; wherein she naturally expects to have all her own way. In the mean time, absorbed in her theological reveries and confiding in her husband's well tried adherence, she has much relaxed her watchfulness over mundane affairs, a much larger share of which now devolves on his own management. In consequence, I expect to hear, in a short time, that the sceptre of power has changed hands; the Lady being, at length, compelled to acknowledge the cogency of the *salique* Law. When, probably, she will have the mortification to find her long hoarded wealth squandered for prophane purposes—her chapel transformed into a theatre for buffoonery—her favourite studies derided and held out to scorn—and

her person becoming the avowed object of detestation from him, who has hitherto appeared her professed and sedulous admirer.

Of your Friend, Piercefield, I can also afford some information; although the purport is by no means favourable.—Of late years, many heavy losses have attended his gambling concerns; indeed, fortune has proved a very jilt to her former favorite. The Castle in Shropshire is gone to the hammer, with a few smaller estates; and his Lordship is now reduced to boast that, in spite of his creditors, he is yet enabled to retain his *Stud* from their rapacity. But, as amongst his numerous devices to keep off such gentry, œconomy has not been resorted to, I greatly fear that the live stock must soon share the same fate with the land that fed them. Ah,

Charles! as I view the fate of most of our former companions, I have every reason to rejoice in having, early, withdrawn myself from the contagion of their society. Broken fortunes or broken constitutions, or both, the award to almost every one. How torturing must be the mental punishment of him, who cannot but be conscious that those blessings, intended by nature and by fortune to promote his well-being, his misconduct has converted into so many curses for his own misery.

CHAPTER XVI.



THE CONCLUSION.

BEFORE theParty left Paris, Louise sent for Madame Jodelle. The good woman was overjoyed to see her and Mr. Domville again; but became quite rapturous, when informed that her former Benefactrice was now his wife. It was then that the Lady with her husband's concurrence, proposed a plan she had formed—namely: on their

return from England, to take her and family with them, and to settle her in a neat dwelling they could well spare, with an assurance that, in other respects, they would make it worth her while. * *
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As the two families are now on their way to the British Metropolis, our Readers are informed that they will soon have an opportunity of beholding *La belle Française et La belle Anglaise,—le beau Français et le bel Anglais ;* when it is fervently hoped, that the cut of their clothes and the fashion of their dresses will not be the *only* patterns, deemed worthy of adoption. * * *
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We must now take leave of these Receivers and Dispensers of felicity.

May the bounteous stream ever continue to flow, and when they are numbered with the Dead, may the remembrance of their virtues, abstracted from the consideration of the rewards these obtained, even in this world, powerfully influence their Descendants to emulate the GOD-LIKE *example.*

THE END.